

# A TURKISH KALEIDOSCOPE

*By*

CLARE SHERIDAN

Author of "Across Europe with Satanella"

WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS



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**Dedication**

**TO MY CHILDREN**

**MARGARET AND DICK**

**WHO SHARED THESE KALEIDOSCPIC DAYS  
OF INEFFACEABLE MEMORY**

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# A Turkish Kaleidoscope

## APOLOGY

NATIONS are like individuals : they become either more lovable and estimable or less so upon intimate acquaintance.

If one persists in probing one's friendships one may be disillusioned. If, therefore, I seem to have lost my admiration for the Turks collectively, if they seem to me a prejudiced, pretentious, and arrogant people, incapable of fulfilling all that they proclaim for themselves, nevertheless I appreciate the psychological effect of Turkey's lead in the Oriental movement towards freedom.

Turkey's place in the future, whether it be large or small, prosperous or penurious, is unimportant. Whether the legislators of Angora persist in their incompetence and whether the Ghazi remain as a figurehead or fade, are details of small account. The only important fact is Turkey's resurrection. This miracle, performed by nationalistic desperation,



has inspired other subjugated peoples. It is due to Turkey's example that Morocco, Egypt, Syria and China are awaking from their age-long apathy, and Russia, who belongs more to the Orient than to the Occident, is helping, pushing, and encouraging.

What Turkey was able to achieve against the great Occidental Powers in the first flush of victory the others are sure they can accomplish against those same victors, who are now divided among themselves and exhausted by the maturing effects of the World War.

They wish to be, like Turkey, master in their own house. It may be a dilapidated house, it may be lacking in modern improvements, but, whatever improvements are to be made, they want to make themselves. Preferable an untidy homeliness to the dictation of paying guests who insist upon imposing a standard of living that is of a different level. In these days no one will tolerate being told how to live. People do not want to be "better," they want to be themselves.

The Orient does not regard as superior the British, French, Italian or Spanish civilisation. On the contrary, each is regarded with equal and undisguised contempt. The Oriental people are

not less moral, and they are far more contented than the people of the Occident They resent having occidentalism forced upon them. The bankruptcy of Europe does not inspire their confidence. They do not regard themselves as very much poorer. At all events, money is not the aim of their existence

In a thousand ways the Orient has a greater sense of the values of life, and has more to contribute than anything the Occident can confer in exchange.

If science, in which the West has achieved such triumphs, is to fulfil Western plans for wholesale human destruction, then the East can boast a spiritual superiority.

Although I may seem to belittle the Turks in the course of these pages, I do not belittle the part the Turks have played. Even if the future of Turkey as a unit is without promise, the spirit of the Oriental movement, of which Turkey is a supporting monolith, is by no means insignificant.

As the daily newspapers of the world record the "unrest" of the East they are unconsciously unravelling the sequel of Turkish freedom



of them stand guard around the portals of Santa Sofia. Six of them guard the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed. Two more stand sentinel by Bayazid. Defiantly they pierce the sky from every quarter, and from the point of the spear God is proclaimed five times a day.

Whether one arrives in Constantinople by sea from Greece, approaching the city from the Marmora, or the opposite way from the Black Sea and through the Bosphorus, or even by the train which threads its way along the old Byzantine walls, how exquisite is the picture, how indelible the impression it creates.

But if one should search for the Constantinople of Pierre Loti it is no more. Even the decorative Levantinism of Claude Farère has ceased to be. Constantinople reflects the poverty of the new Turkish Republic, by whom the Queen of Cities is spurned and neglected. The ermine of the royal robe is moth-eaten, the jewels have fallen from an ancient glistening crown.

Constantinople is still a centre—but only of the Levantine race.

A tourist or a passer-by may say, "I love Constantinople"; but anyone who has lived there

will ask, "Which Constantinople do you love?" for there are two. They are linked together by the famous bridge that spans the Golden Horn. On the one side is Péra, the city of the Europeans, and on the other is Stamboul, the city of the Turks. If one made a journey in a train for four days, the difference at the journey's end could not be greater than the difference one finds the other side of the Bridge of Galata.

Péra, for one who knows it and is not of it, represents everything that is sordid and ugly. There are no words to convey the sensation of nausea that catches one at the throat and suffocates one as one walks through "La Grande Rue."

Péra is not Turkey, it is an ulcer in the side of Turkey.

There are other cities that are famed for decadence and wickedness. There is none other like Péra that combines squalor and pretentiousness.

Here live all the people who have neither nationality nor race, who have no pride and much prejudice, sense but no sensibility, a superficial education and no culture; people who claim to be French, Italian, or even English, who use the respective flags to protect their individual enterprises, but

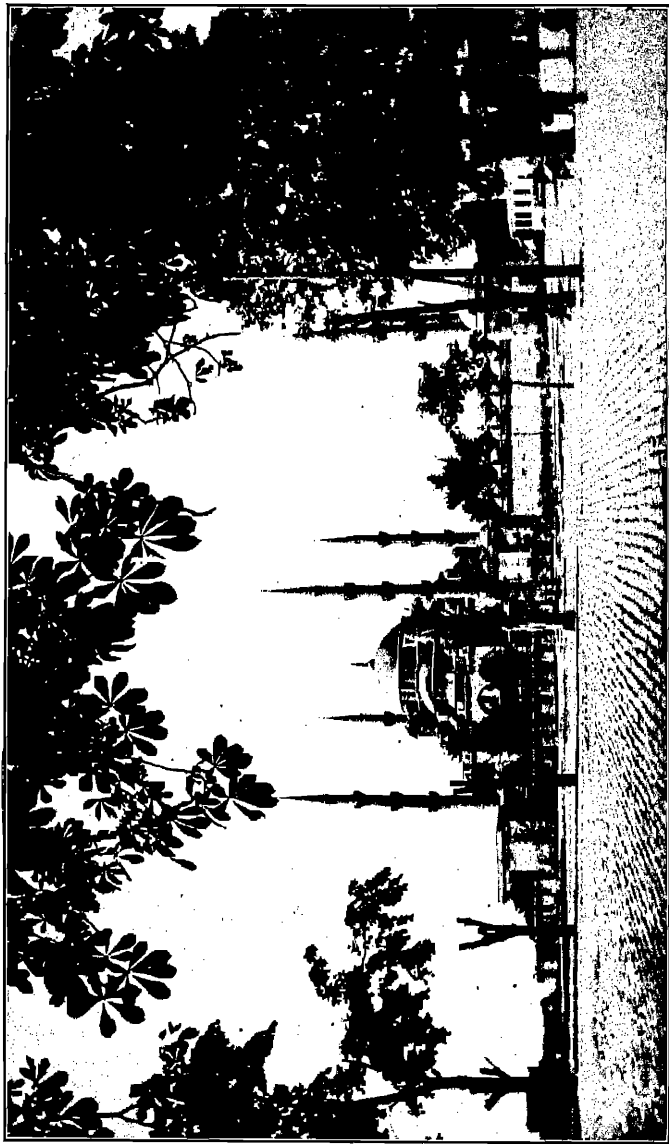
who have no loyalty, either for the land of their origin or for the country of their adoption.

When one crosses the bridge into Stamboul the Turks look at one with disdain. It is not that they dislike the Christian on principle, but they have learned to despise everything that is Péra.

The tourists who arrive at certain seasons, and who pay fantastic prices for things that Germany has imported for the purpose, do not help to reinstate the *Giaour* in the Moslem eye.

As one passes through the thronged and narrow streets, one is shouldered off the sidewalk or pushed roughly aside by people with enigmatic faces. When one enters the courtyard of Santa Sofia and tourist-guides rush forward to take possession of one's footsteps, the old bearded men who are grouped around the gateway smoking their *narghilés* observe one with a comprehensive nod that seems to indicate: "There goes another." In the little old-world streets, where tourists seldom penetrate, the people look at one gravely and one knows that they are thinking that Péra has come among them.

Everything that the Levantine touches is tarnished. In Angora they say that the Turk who



MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED IN THE HIPPODROME

goes to Constantinople deteriorates and loses his Turkish personality. He affects a culture which he thinks European. This is confined to a superficial knowledge of rather *démodé* French classics and to a Germanisation of taste combined with a passion for varnished shoes.

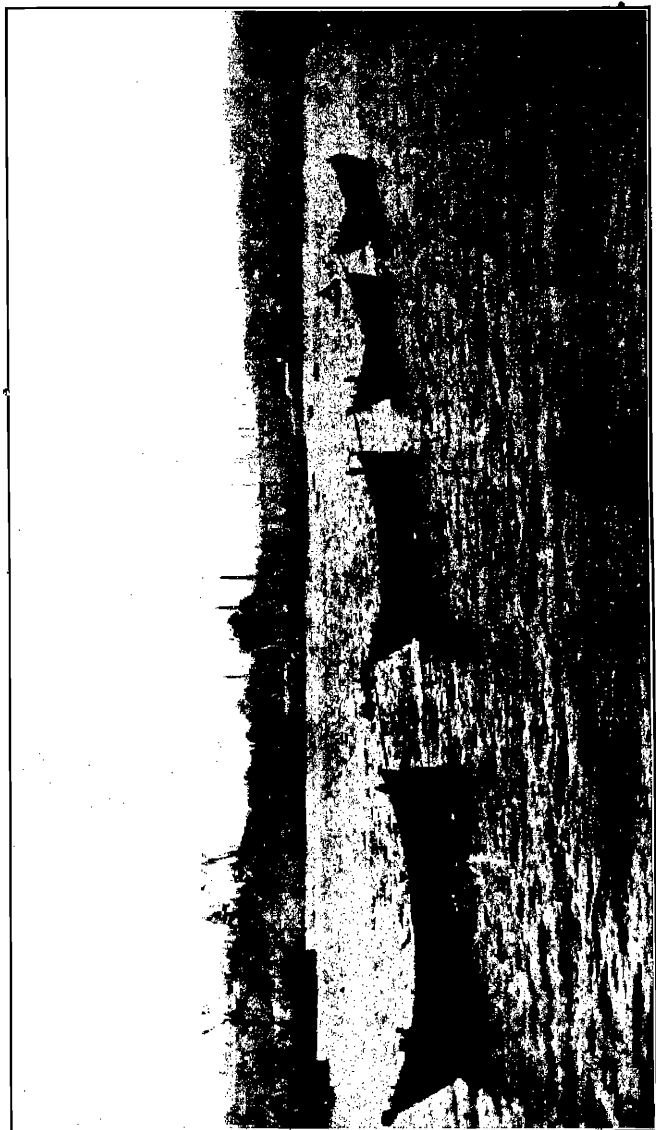
There are just a handful of Turks who protest against Levantinism. Here and there is an isolated case of an educated man who even fasts during Ramazan, who will sit before his table awaiting the cannon-shot at sunset that is the signal for believers that the day is over and they may eat. But one wonders whether this man is really sincere, or whether it is only because he is in the midst of Christians that he insists on being a Moslem!

There is one bright aspect of Levantinism; it hardly ever decentralises. One can get away from it by deviating ever so little from the beaten track. In one or two places only does it congregate, and in summer it clings to the water's edge. One may be almost sure on a fine spring day to be alone in a landscape of wild flowers. The people of Péra care nothing for these things, they love above all else the shadow of their dusty Péra street, or else to expose themselves to view behind the plate-glass window of a teashop.



.On the European coast everyone who smiles at you is someone who wants to sell you something. It may be only a white rabbit or a magnolia bloom, a boat or a basket of strawberries, or it may be a house! Almost the second day of my installation at Thérapia, the Armenian telephone operator called me up to say that a Greek family in the vicinity invited me to see their very large and beautiful carpet, which would do admirably for my house. "They don't have to sell it, they just want to do you a favour," she said. Every morning for ten mornings that telephone operator telephoned to me about that favour, but I had ten excuses ready. A Greek neighbour, who introduced herself to me on the quay when we were waiting for a boat, asked me, "Is your house furnished? How long a lease have you? How much do you pay?"

One searches in vain for Turkey, and even on the Bosphorus the Turks seem to be merely the exotic owners of a house which they do not occupy. They have hastily built their wooden shacks, added minarets to Santa Sofia, duplicated, several Byzantine-shaped mosques and declared themselves masters. But they have not been able to impose themselves upon the conquered people. The



A SILHOUETTE OF STAMBOUL

conquered have, on the contrary, taken advantage of Turkish incompetence and naivety to preserve all their traditional Levantinism In Constantinople the Turks have failed to assimilate; they have been assimilated



A GARDEN IN STAMBOUL

### III

## A TURK OF PÉRA

I WAS constrained to mark time in an apartment off the Grande Rue de Péra whilst a house on the Bosphorus was being prepared. I did so with great impatience. A Turkish friend who called one day to see me asked, "Why are you in a hurry? It is cold on the Bosphorus."

"Better the cold of my own house on the Bosphorus than the cold of an apartment house in Péra," I replied.

But he did not understand, he was Levantinised, he saw only the charm of Péra life, the charm of the crowded streets full of people who smiled and nodded at him, people who stopped and asked him to come to tea. He liked, too, the glitter of diplomatic entertainments. "Will you go to-night to the British Embassy?" I asked. My friend pouted and shrugged his shoulders. "I think not—I shall see." But he was there, as I knew he

would be. He got there early, and was still there when I left !

The British Embassy cannot compete with the United States in popularity, although it is larger and more convenient for entertaining. The invitations are too select. The British Ambassador will not invite anyone who has not called and left a card. The Americans are less ceremonious. They invite people whom they meet at tea parties or on the golf course or at functions. The United States Embassy is crowded with Turks and others besides the diplomatic corps. The British has some of the "others," all the diplomatic corps, and hardly any Turks. The Turk is proud ; he does not see why he should go out of his way to leave cards upon the British. Hence the deadlock. A Turkish card had once been known to go astray. The *kavass* at the door mislaid it. Thus it happened that a Turk who had demeaned himself into leaving cards failed to be asked to the biggest ball. The matter was put right too late. In order to repair the damage he was amiably asked to dine. The invitation was printed on a large official card : " His Britannic Majesty's representative and —— hope to have the honour of—— Bey's presence. . . " etc.

Would they have that honour? The Bey was not sure. He told everyone he met that he was not sure. . . . Perhaps he would refuse so as to show that Turks . . . Perhaps he would go, thus graciously accepting the intended apology. . . .

He came to see me the next day. "Was it pleasant last night?" I asked, taking for granted that he went.

"It was not bad," he said. "The Persian Ambassador and the Hungarian Minister were there, and N—— Bey, the chief of the Turkish Foreign Office."

"Whom did you sit next to?"

"Oh, I sat next to a pretty American girl who is a great heiress. But I am sorry for the British—they have so little *savoir-faire*. I really feel inclined to buy a book of etiquette and send it to the Ambassadors anonymously."

"Really! What was wrong?"

"What was wrong! Why, the Ambassador and the Minister sat on either side of the hostess."

I still looked vague. There was a pause, and he continued:

"Don't they know that any Government official of the country in which an Embassy is representing has precedence over any Ambassador?"

"So N—— Bey was hurt?"

"Certainly he was very much offended."

"Relations between Turkey and Great Britain are strained?"

He disapproved of my flippancy. "It is no joking matter," he said.

Not only the British do the wrong thing, and do it with a semblance of being right, but they are exclusive. This is very irritating for those Turks who are the victims of exclusion, although it may be the more flattering for those few who are included. The British Embassy, moreover, is pompous. This pomposity has nothing to do with the individual kingly representatives who follow one after another. It is the traditional atmosphere of the Embassy itself. It is in the central-heated air of the palm-court entrance; it is engrained in the thick, scarlet pile carpet; it is preserved by the gold-braided *kavass* at the door and the sphinx-like butler and silent footmen at the stair-top. It cannot be swept clean. No vacuum cleaner could obliterate it. Not all the open windows could clear it from the air. It has to be accepted as part of the State furnishing. It creates a tension and a frigidity in international relationship. It intimidates,





GARDEN OF A HODJA ADJOINING A MOSQUE AT SCUTARI

it repulses, it infuriates, but it impresses the Oriental mind. The Turk hates but respects it.

The British are disliked. No one knows why. It is not merely a question of politics. The Turk finds himself face to face with an arrogance of which he thought he had the monopoly. The British do not mean to be arrogant, it is merely that they carry a conscious superiority in their souls when they are abroad.

The Turk means to be arrogant, he carries a conscious inferior complex in his soul whenever he steps foot out of Anatolia. But he is the conqueror. If a tradition of arts and civilisations is absent, a history of conquests is his halo. He regards his recent Greek victory as a victory over the British. This is enough to turn an Oriental head. His head is turned, his prestige is so great in his own eyes.

One day in June these despised and hated British—the instigators of Greek aggression, the supporters of the Cross against the Crescent—issued guilt-edged invitations to a garden-party in honour of their King's birthday. I met my Turkish friend in the street, he was more than ever elegant, indeed, his elegance was renowned. He wore a

grey fur *kalpak* as though it were a crown, and his clothes were admirably English. Women turned to look at him in the street, and he smiled and nodded at the prettiest. "Who is that?" I asked. We had stopped to speak to one another and his eyes were roving right and left. He had just bowed "I do not know! But she is pretty"

His collar was white and stiffer than usual, and very severely high. It did not become him as the rather frivolous striped collars that matched his coloured shirts and the butterfly bow that was his usual tie. He reminded me of a small three-year-old English neighbour at Thérapia who said to me with pride. "I've got on my town bow to-day!" If my Turkish friend had not got on his "town bow," he certainly had got on his garden-party collar.

"Are you going this afternoon?" I asked.

"No; I do not think so; it is too hot."

"Heat is nice for a garden-party," I said, wondering if the stiffness of the party collar would survive until five o'clock.

"I prefer to go to the Islands to-night," he answered.

I knew the collar was not a mere chance—that it

betrayed a garden-party intention, but it amused me to provoke his reasons for not going.

"There are plenty of boats to the Islands after six o'clock, I myself am returning to Thérapia at that hour."

He made a grimace "These annual British garden-parties are very dull"

"For me, yes I do not know anyone—but you will find all your friends"

"Ugh! my friends don't care about the British Embassy!"

"No? I suppose not But still, if you don't go, people will think you were not asked."

That hit him straight between the eyes. I watched him wince and recover "We Turks do not regard a British invitation as an honour, we regard our acceptance as an honour for the British."

"Of course, of course, but you like to honour us!"

"No; we prefer to leave that to the Levantines" Suddenly his face was illumined, and, his eyes danced with mischief, as they followed a retreating figure down the street

"Who's your friend?" She was certainly not

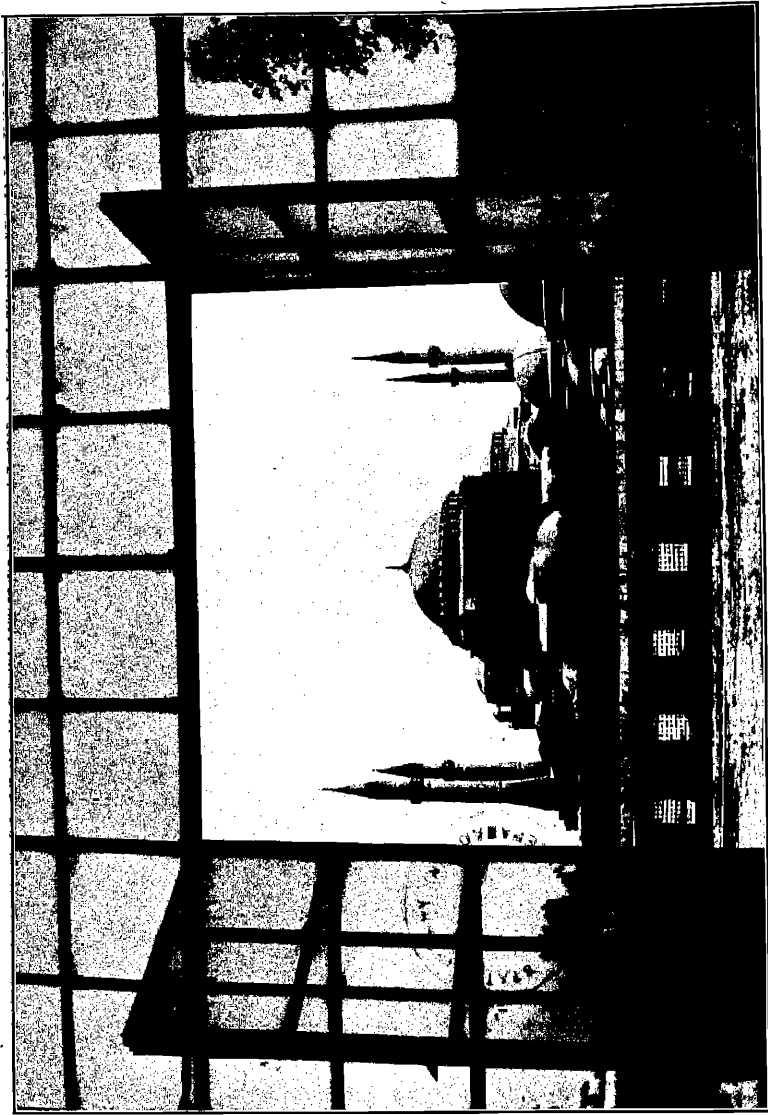
Turkish; her arms were bare, and she wore a mushroom hat.

He laughed. "Just a pretty woman who looked at me."

"Really!" I exclaimed "You are growing too Levantine Good-bye"

I arrived at the British Embassy rather early, for I had to catch a boat to Thérapia. I ran straight into my Turkish friend, who was handing an ~~ice~~ cream to an English girl who was dressed like one "Hullo! you here?" I said

"Yes," he answered, "I came early because I have to catch a boat this evening to the Islands"



SANTA SOFIA FROM THE ENTRANCE OF SULTAN AHMED MOSQUE

## IV

### A TURKISH BATH

To the average mind the idea of public baths, especially in the Orient, is surely suggestive of beauty. The Roman tradition is still with us. We have seen the Roman remains, the carved friezes, and the statues, artists of the academy schools have painted the pictures. the marble walls, the reflecting waters, the exquisite, nude, reclining women.

But in this, as in all else, reality reveals the grim delapidated travesty of one's expectations. The best of the public baths in Péra have discoloured, streaked, distempered walls, a fitting background for the mountainous avalanches of recumbent nudity.

Around these discoloured walls, at intervals, running water flows into basins. The hot marble floor is raised one step high beneath these fountains. In the centre of the hall one can recline upon a raised heated dais

There seemed to me to be but few Turkish women in this Turkish bath, they were mostly Jewesses and Greeks, ill-proportioned and over-developed, their legs short and thick, their skins yellow and hairy.

They sat around the fountains on the marble step in sublime, unself-conscious attitudes of grotesque gracelessness. Some were engaged in depilating themselves, others were washing their teeth and spitting upon the floor. One woman was washing her long black hair, her breasts, like over-inflated balloons, spread beneath her arms, forcing them into an awkward, outward attitude

My eye, so long accustomed to the shapeliness of artist models, underwent a severe æsthetic shock, until I recalled the sculptor in New York who specialised in studies of his elephantine wife whom critics called a genius. I tried to persuade myself that the amorphous forms that leaned against the walls (they could not lie down, or else, like sheep on their backs, they never could get back on to their feet) were beautiful natural realism and not mere freakish curiosities

A small boy who accompanied his mother was certainly having his eye trained early. The memory



would doubtless linger in his mind, and when he grew to be a man he would resign himself to the lot which would inevitably fall to him, and not dream of something different and more shapely !

The Russian Princess who had invited me to accompany her had served during the war in the ranks of a Cossack regiment, and as we entered the hall the manner of her walk and bearing roused attention. Instead of shuffling and stooping like an Oriental woman, she walked erect, with a freedom of movement that was Amazonian. She was not tall nor slim, nor any of the things that poets write about, but she had certain classical characteristics that belonged to Diana rather than to Venus. She was thick-set, muscled, and firm ; she had powerful limbs, and a back and thighs that certainly suggested the physique of a " Cossack." Her body bore the scars of war.

She strode across the wet, slippery floor to a fountain in a corner, dipped her bowl into the running stream, and flung water upon the pavement at our feet to clean it. Two old hags, with amulets on chains dangling between their hanging breasts and bath-towels girt round their loins, approached us smilingly. Each took hold of us and proceeded

to scrub us with rough cloths that effectually peeled the skin off!

The ablutions over, the hags retired, and we went and lay upon the central dais, where we ate oranges and smoked cigarettes. There was sufficient material for entertainment in the scene around us.

Our contemplations were disturbed by a red-haired Jewess who, being temporarily blinded, splashed us with her soapsuds. We edged further away with seal-like movements.

Suddenly a procession entered the hall headed by a young girl carrying a baby. Two small children were clinging closely to her side, they seemed disconcerted by the absence of maternal clothes to cling to. They grabbed an elbow, and stroked the smooth, round thigh. A handsome, grey-haired woman followed with two more children of varying sizes. The party paused before a fountain, and the little ones, emitting joyful shouts, splashed water at one another. The sound of their laughter was like a delicious music accompanied by the sound of all the running fountains.

The young mother proceeded to pour water upon herself from a round brass bowl that she lifted high up over her left shoulder with a swinging movement that was half a dance.

We gazed at the little Bacchanalian group as if hypnotised.

"A Greek frieze," I said

After a long silence my companion answered:

"That was well worth coming here to see."

## AN UNSEEN PRINCESS

I WAS crossing the *foyer* of the Péra Palace Hotel when someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was the pale-faced, raggedly-dressed Russian wife of an ex-Turkish diplomat. She was nervously smoking a cigarette, a big leather bag hung from her arm, which seemed to have become a growth from which only an operation could liberate her. Usually it contained a variety of odds and ends: Persian miniatures, imitation Cosways, cabochon rings, all the final belongings of the starving Russian *émigrées*, for whom she sold on commission.

"Have you finished furnishing your house?" she asked me.

I answered quickly, "Yes."

"I have been looking for you. There was such a chance——"

"I'm sorry; but I have finished buying."

"It was the house at Chichli of a Turkish

Princess—one of the wives of the Sultan Murad—she needs money to buy food—she's selling her belongings day by day. Why don't you come and see? The house will interest you, and you do not *have* to buy."

I let myself be persuaded; for in truth one has never finished furnishing a house, and the starving wife of a Sultan interested me. We motored to Chichli, and in a quiet street a door as inconspicuous as the rows of others was half opened by a big, black-bearded, coarse-faced man. We squeezed through the opening, and it was quickly shut behind us. The mysterious man, who spoke in a whisper and walked on tiptoe, was introduced to me as the Princess's Arab doctor. "Shall we see the Princess?" I asked. He thought not. She was ill in bed, and received no one.

"Her family were all exiled with the Calif," he said, "but they could not exile her—she was too ill to move." As he led the way upstairs he told me not to hesitate to tell him if I saw anything I would like to have. "Curtains, carpets, furniture, ornaments—you can have any of them." The carpets had been especially made to order in France and were Occidental and modern in design. The curtains, conventionally striped red and white,

were of heavy silk, woven in the days when Broussa's factories were famous and flourishing. The porcelain stoves were German importation, the furniture mid-Victorian.

"Everything," said the doctor proudly, "was made by special order for the Princesses of the Sultan."

"I find it frightful," I answered

He looked at me in surprise; and the Russian lady in a tone of disappointment said, "I thought it was just the sort of thing you needed for your house."

The doctor looked around distractedly. "Think what a charming room you could make with this set of furniture and the curtains to match. Such handsome curtains"—he twisted them in his fingers—"heavy, rich, pure silk."

"They are not decorative, doctor," I said.

He sat down on the striped Victorian chair and looked at me.

"What nationality," I asked, "is the Princess?"

He shrugged his shoulders as if her nationality had long ceased to count.

"Maybe Circassian."

"She must be very old if she is the wife of the Sultan Murad."

"She is very old indeed; but she is not *the* wife, she is *a* wife."

The Russian lady intervened "Is she educated?"

The doctor hesitated. "She can write her name" And turning to me, "You must not judge Turkish princesses by your European standards. A princess of a Sultan does not mean a princess born; usually a Circassian slave who took the Sultan's fancy."

He broke off as though a sudden idea had come to him. He clapped his hands, and a timid, half-veiled Turkish maid answered the summons. He said something to her, and she hurried away. A few minutes later she emerged from a farther room staggering beneath the weight of a massive gilt *mangal*, still alive with smouldering charcoal. She deposited it before me and returned to fetch the big brass tray that it stood upon, and again to fetch the big domed lid that covers it when there is no fire.

"She has eight of them round her bed," he said.

"But, doctor," I protested, "I have always heard that charcoal fumes——"

"Yes, most unhealthy; but she is frightened of the stove. In the palaces in which she has been brought up since a child the fear of fire was greater than the fear of God. Only candles were ever

allowed to be burnt, that is why you will find in the bazaar so many lanterns for sale, and candelabra with high glasses to protect the candles from the draught. The Princess even now never burns anything but candles, and she will only warm herself with braziers. She says she would rather die from the fumes than live without them. She is so old I humour her."

It was certainly a handsome, chiselled brass brazier—distinctly decorative—a palace piece. The price the doctor asked, however, was quite fantastic, and the situation was such that bargaining seemed out of place.

"I have nothing to gain," asserted the black beard. "I do it out of gratitude for the past. When I was young, and had the post of permanent doctor attached to the palace, the Princess was good to me. My salary was high and my presents were numerous. Whenever the Princess heard that I was leaving the palace precincts to go on an errand to the town she would send for me and present me with a silk purse full of gold—money was strewn lavishly in those days—and now, when the Princess is old and dying and has not enough money for food, it is my duty to do what I can to help her."



The smouldering *mangal* was warming my numbed fingers—the house was icy cold “Then she will be left with only seven ?” I said.

“Seven is enough !” he answered

“And that brass lantern for twin candles ?” I pointed towards a corner Again the doctor looked surprised.

“Those are the lanterns,” he said, “that used to be lighted outside every bedroom door in the palace.”

“It is beautiful,” I said.

“There are ten,” he answered.

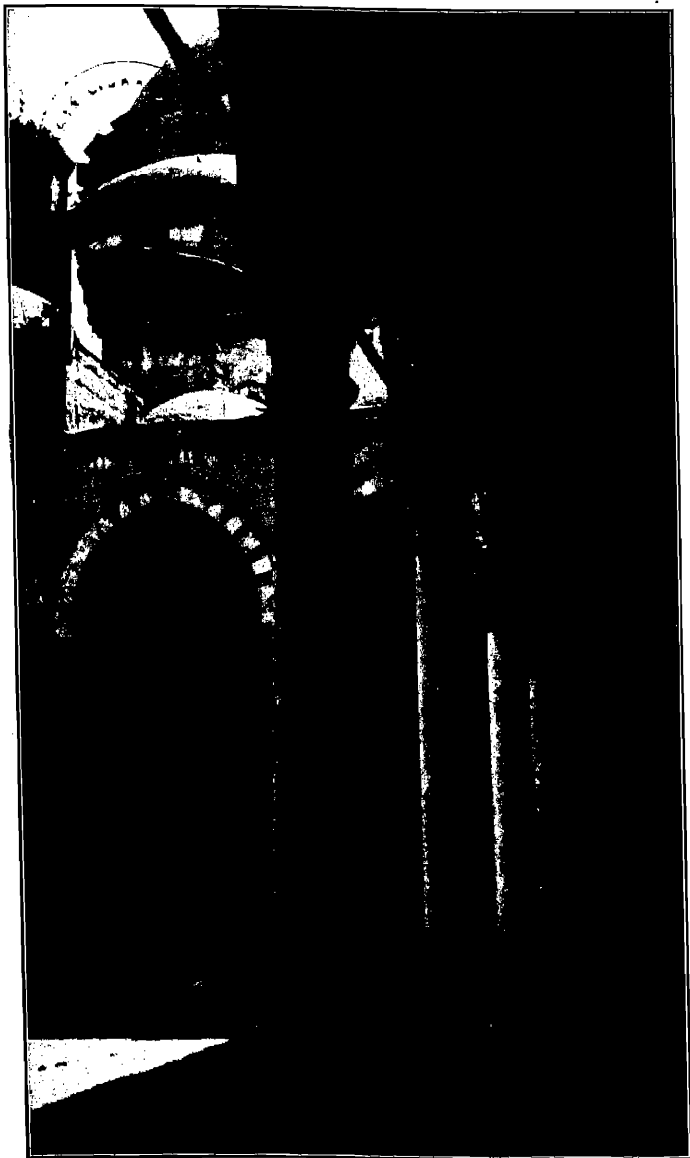
“One is enough. The lantern and the *mangal* will do.”

“But the furniture,” he urged, “it is so handsome, so Occidental It will furnish such a regal room for you” His Russian accomplice corroborated his assertion. “Such a regal room,” she repeated luringly

“No,” I said, “it would look like the unused sitting-room in a village vicarage.”

He did not understand my fluent English. I got up to go.

“I am sorry,” he said, “about the curtains—and the furniture—but I will send you the *mangal* when the fire’s gone out.”



INNER COURTYARD OF "VALIDÉ YENI DJAMI "

## VI

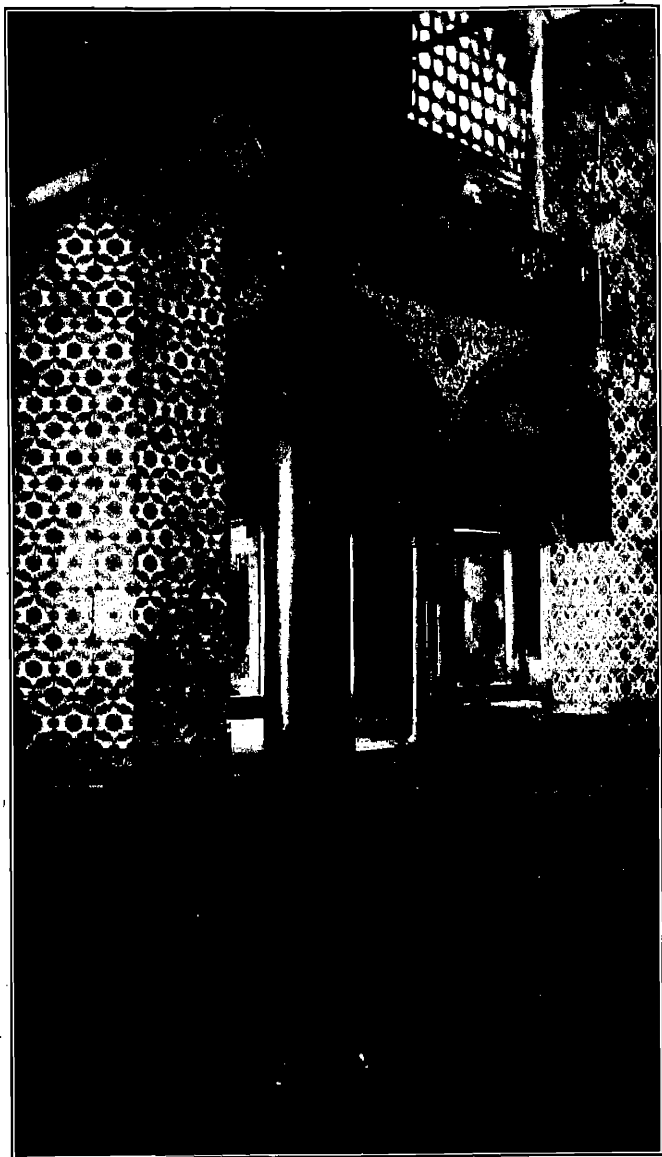
### IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION

WHEN I first arrived in Constantinople I did the tour of all the mosques like every good tourist, but I retained only a vague impression that one mosque was big and another was small, that one was light and another was dark, that one contained columns and another was decorated with tiles I saw, but with eyes that were blind In the museum I found many things that were beautiful, but which to me had no meaning To begin with, whatever was written beneath the objects was written in Turkish, or a Turkish number indicated some reference to a catalogue as yet nonexistent. Impossible to tell, unless one were a connoisseur, whether the illuminated missals were Persian, Arabian, or Turkish, or of what date Marvellous fragments of carpets hung upon the walls I turned to a solemn, grey-haired guardian whose business it was to shadow me, and when I asked him, "What is that?" he replied, "It is a carpet."

"I see it is a carpet ; but what sort of a carpet ? "

"Precious." And that was all he could supply of information

I went back over it all again, with a cultured Turk, who, however, confined himself to saying proudly, "It is Turkish." Everything remained as nameless and unexplained as before At Broussa the director of the museum himself took me round, and to him also I appealed in vain. He merely told me the names of the places where the things were found Doubtless I could have learnt something had I undertaken to read a great many books and persisted in repeated visits, but, fortunately for me, something easier happened. I found a human encyclopædia He was an antiquary in Péra and he differed from the many in being not merely practical, shrewd, and obdurate, but also an artist, a collector, an enthusiast as well, and I found myself digging out a gold-mine of precious information He lived in a noisy street where the tram, when it passed, nearly knocked the pedestrian off the sidewalk, but his window, especially in winter evenings, was mysteriously illumined by a diffused, unseen light I have never before seen a window that so generously offered a vision to the passing street, a vision of Oriental loveliness.



INTERIOR OF "ROUSTEM PASHA" ; LINED WITH  
FAIENCE OF ISNIK

with backgrounds of crimson and gold velvets; gleaming embroideries and silks, glittering crystal goblets, and jewelled prayer-beads—such mellow and wondrous riches of the past that made you “think that Heaven was coming close to you”

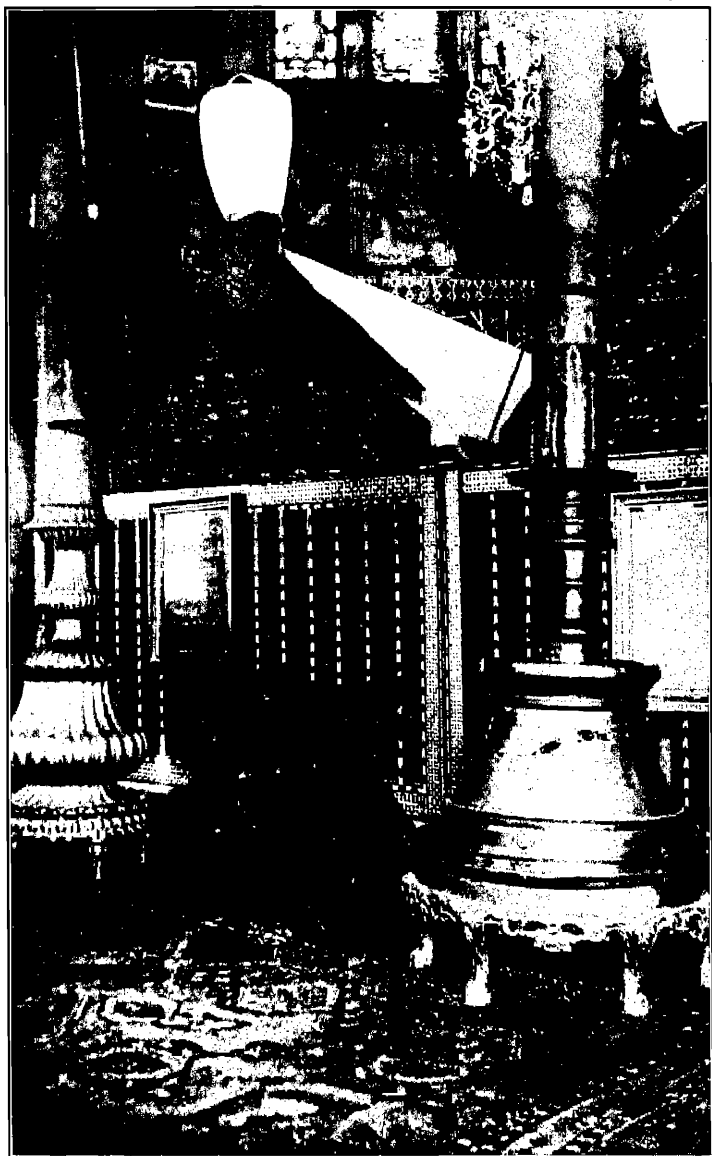
The professional guides led troupes of tourists to him, who thought they were in an antiquary shop. If only one of them had known the magic equivalent for the word “Sésamé” the shop would have been transformed into a museum, and treasures would have come forth that could never otherwise be seen.

When Haim saw that I was interested in the tradition of Turkish arts and decorations he unlocked for me the treasure-house of his mind as well as his museum. He knew that I wanted to learn about Turkish things, he did not, therefore, intrude his Persian, Chinese or Christian beauties.

The carpet under my feet was a seventeenth-century Ouchak, a long one made for a mosque. In texture it was hard, and in design it was detailed like an illuminated missal in reds and blues that blended. He then unravelled and flung down a small sixteenth-century Ouchak to illustrate their evolution. It was completely different and rather formal

in design Three balls arranged in trefoil, representing the war emblem of Tamerlane, and interwoven at regular intervals with the lighting symbol of Bayazid the first, recalled the two who met and fought in the plain of Angora, and embodied the influence of the primitive Tartar conqueror of that Seldjouk period. The silks and the velvets of Broussa of that date, as well as the faience, betray the same influence

He then produced a collection of silks that were woven at Broussa three hundred years earlier. There were unfaded sky blues, and old rose and crimsons. Some were interwoven with carnation, tulip, and hyacinth in untarnished golden and silver thread. He unravelled large pieces and small, stiff silks and heavy velvets, translucent scarfs embroidered in coloured silks on neutral coloured linen—embroideries from Janina and Rhodes. One large, perfectly preserved, seventeenth-century piece had been made to order for a doge of Venice. The medallion pattern in saturn red was of Italian design, the crowns of the doge were of royal blue, and the pale green leaves intersected with golden yellow, embroidered on unbleached linen. Haim folded this reverently and replaced it in its jewel case



TOMB OF SULIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT



"And now I want to know," I said, "why Turkish furniture is so rare."

The question had been uppermost in my mind ever since I came to Turkey and had tried to furnish in a Turkish way. I had seen many Turkish interiors, but none of them contained anything that was Turkish. Except for one or two kiosks in the *sarails* of the Sultans one saw nothing but Occidental furniture of the worst description. These royal kiosks however were the answers to my questions. "The Turks did not have furniture." They had divans covered with exquisite Broussa velvets and silks, and these divans extended the whole length of a wall, sometimes of three walls. They were not piled pell-mell with cushions, they were most sedate with formal cushioned backs of the same material that fitted against the wall. (The mere sight of them induces a sense of dignity and deportment!) . . . On the floor some beautiful carpet, either Persian or Turkish; and possibly an ornate silver or brass *mangal* which may have been made in the reign of Sultan Mahmud. The walls substituted the furniture. These were usually ornately panelled in wood. At the entrance was the highly decorative, indispensable *cavouclouk*, or bracket on which to deposit the turban.

Among the wall carvings featured a cupboard, framed with the effect of an alcove, on the shelves of which were displayed beautiful *bonbonnières*, made abroad especially for Turkey, in Sèvres or Dresden, or else coloured glass vases from the Turkish manufactory at Beicos, or made for Turkey at Venice or in Bohemia. This simple and yet ornate room may have contained a small low table for the *narghilés* and all the smoking necessities.

There were no big tables, for even the highest people in the land ate on the floor. It was habitual for the slaves to bring in a silver drum and place a tray upon it, and upon the tray the covered dishes of silver. Everyone knelt on the floor around the drum.

In the place of chairs and beds there were divans. Instead of wardrobes there were *sandik* (chests), and these varied considerably and often betrayed considerable Venetian influence. At Adrianople the imitation of Venetian painted furniture was a great industry. Small tables, chests and cases, mirrors, frames, brackets, etc., were painted, and have become extremely hard to find. The Turkish houses, which burn like match-boxes, are responsible for the destruction of quantities of beautiful things.

Sometimes the rooms, like those of the head



CLOISTER SURROUNDING THE TURBÉ OF SULIMAN

eunuch at the "Vieux Sarail," were lined with faïences, which constitute one of Turkey's greatest artistic achievements. The famous blue and white were made in the seventeenth century at Damascus, but the finest of all was the thirteenth-century Seldjouk pottery, and later (sixteenth century) the porcelains of Isnik (Nicé) predominated in most of the decorations.

Another instance of Turkish art, and one which had its origin in Egypt, is to be seen in the *kamariah*, or carved plaster windows with coloured glass inlet.

In Haim's treasure-house one found all these things. He had a few—just a very few—examples of Adrianople furniture, a wall covered with varied and decorative *cavouclouk*; there were potteries and porcelains, and even some old *kamariah*, and I slowly learnt about these things as one who is learning how to swim before venturing out into the open sea.

After I had studied with him I went back and revisited all the mosques I had seen before, and I seemed to see them for the first time.

If some Sultan had taken all the marble columns and monoliths, and combined them into one mosque, lined with the porcelain tiles of Isnik and

illuminated by the finest *kamariah*, the result would have been a monument of Oriental fame and beauty. But, instead, each mosque has something, none of them have nothing, and not one of them has everything.

The Mosque of Validé Yeni Djami (1663), which is the first that confronts Galata Bridge, contains fine examples of the blue and white faïences of Damascus, added to which its carved wood doors are incrustated with medallions of thin tortoiseshell over gold, with intricate borders of inlaid ivory. But the atmosphere of quietude and meditation that characterises the interiors of most mosques is entirely dispelled here by the proximity of the noisy street on one side and of the bazaar on the other.

Roustem Pasha (1555) boasts the finest faïences of Iznik. It is a small mosque, but very beautiful. Outside, on the left of the entrance, beneath the colonnade, there is the most brilliant panel of flower branches in glistening blues and peacock greens and red. Inside I counted fourteen different designs, but I could not count them all, so rich was their variety.

The Mosque of Bayazid the Second (1507), near the old War Ministry, is famous for its two great



INTERIOR OF "PIALI PASHA"

Byzantine monoliths of marble that were conveyed from the Palace of Constantine, in the Hippodrome, which, with the equally vanished Palace of Justinian, provided the marble columns that adorn most of the mosque interiors

In Bayazid the windows are latticed with iron bars of cobweb pattern that constitute also a Turkish art. And the *mehrab* is of delicately carved rose marble

Sulimanyé (1556), marvellously situated on a height dominating the harbour, is large and grim, as befits the mosque that carries the name of the husband of Roxalana. It is famous for its windows. Here one sees the *kamariyah* in its highest form. They were designed by the famous Ibrahim the Drunkard, and one may suppose that he had visions when he drank; at all events, he had a steady hand. Their beauty is frankly indescribable. They glisten like great jewelled panels. One may stand for half an hour looking up at them, trying to impress the exquisite detail of them upon one's mind, but they are too varied and too intricate, and at the end one comes away with a sense of despair that the joy of them lasts only while one is with them. Like the emotion which is induced by the sound of music and which fades with the

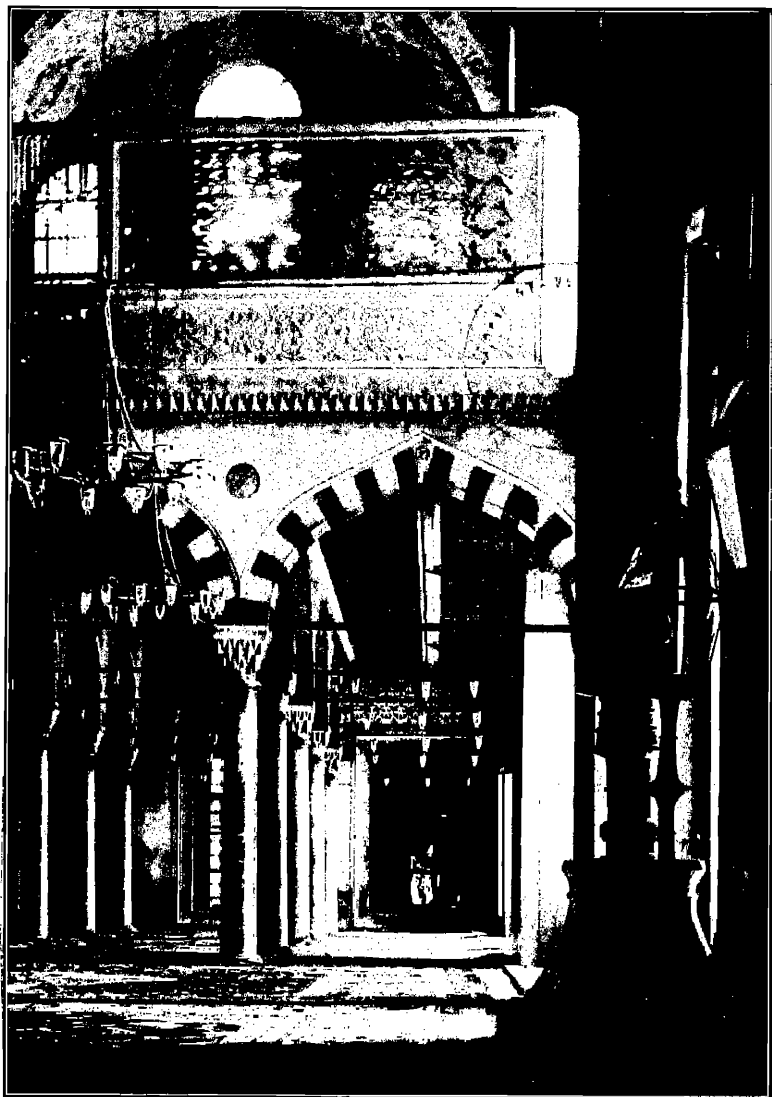
silence, so also is the emotion aroused by the vision of the jewelled windows of Sulımanyé, which fades when they are out of sight

In the vicinity of the mosque, next to the Turbé of Sulıman with its beautiful surrounding cloister, is the Turbé of Roxalana, with her son by her side. It is entirely lined with İznik tiles, representing a black-stemmed almond branch among tulips, a strangely inappropriate setting for the body of the vilest and most passionate woman in the history of the ages.

On the edge of the Golden Horn, some way outside Constantinople and hardly at all known or visited, is the dilapidated and crumbling sixteenth-century Mosque of Piali Pasha. It contains a *qubla* faced with beautiful faïences of İznik, some of which have unfortunately been stolen by thieves who entered by a window in the night. The frieze, however, of blue and white tiles, inscribed with the Koran, is perfectly intact and very nearly encircles the wall.

I only mention these few mosques out of the many as illustrating the main features of Turkish art, which was at its height during the reign of Selim the Terrible and Sulıman the Magnificent. Since then Occidentalism in its worst form has





INTERIOR OF "SULTAN AHMED"

crept in, and incompetence, hand in hand with poverty, has crowned all.

Why, one may ask, is the faience of modern Kutaya of the most inferior description? Why has Broussa deteriorated into making scarfs for the tourist market? And why, since chairs and tables and wardrobes became synonymous with civilisation, is furniture manufactured on untraditional German lines? Traces of a beautiful past and evidences of a hideous present torment me. I pray that if proletarianism is the evolution towards which the world is speeding it may bring in its wake a reaction towards simplicity, to replace the dead magnificence and to displace the present tortured pretentiousness.

And for this I envy my friend, the living encyclopædia—in his oasis in arid Péra he neither wonders nor cares about the present or the future, about Germanism or proletarianism, he is buried contentedly in his treasures of the past, he lives amid beauty, deals solely in beauty, and is absorbed only in the necessity of acquiring and parting with beautiful things.

## VII

### A NEAR-EAST DRAMA

No city in the world has been a stage for such a series of dramas as those which Constantinople has witnessed since the Great War. There have been hordes of Russian refugees, all the smashed army of Wrangel, all the pitiful Armenians and Greeks, followed by the unfortunate exchanged populations who arrive in a state of such distressing misery that one would imagine from their faces that they had fled from some murderous oppression. Those who claim them as their own have forced them to leave the country in which they were prosperous and contented to face a distress they need never have known.

The Turks are hardened to the sight of suffering, and they are so poor, so incapable of organisation, that they can do nothing to help their own people, let alone the foreigner in their midst. One may be thankful, however, if the officials remain merely

neutral, and do not deliberately aggravate the problems that others are trying to relieve

The political chaos of Eastern Europe, and the Turkish indifference to suffering, are vividly illustrated by the incident I witnessed in April 1925, of which two hundred humans were the victims. They happened to be Russians, and apparently they had no right to a place in the sun. They represented fragments of Wrangel's army that had sought refuge in Bulgaria, also some prisoners of the Imperial War and a few refugees from Bessarabia. Among them were eleven women and sixteen children. One hundred and seventy of them had applied to be repatriated to Russia. They had actually a year and a half previously been granted the necessary permits, but before they had time to start a *coup d'état* had installed in Bulgaria the Tzankoff Government.

Tzankoff's first act was to expel the Russian Soviet Repatriation Committee that had been working under Stambouliski, and to murder one of the Soviet delegates. As neither reparation nor apology was forthcoming, Moscow retaliated by proclaiming a blockade against all Russians from Bulgaria.

These few suddenly found themselves in the

position of people who have taken their tickets and are waiting for a boat that does not start. Meanwhile the violent reactionism of Tzankoff, which considered as Red anyone who desired to return to Russia, forced these people on to a small sail-boat which had already been condemned as unseaworthy, and, with food and water for three days, pushed them out to sea. For twenty-six days they were becalmed and stormed alternately. Twelve of these were spent sheltering in the harbour of a little Turkish village on the coast, which saved their lives. When they arrived at Constantinople they were in a state of starvation. The Turks refused to let them land, and the Russian Consul, acting under orders from Moscow, refused to renew their permits. They were ordered to leave the Port of Constantinople, Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania and Greece being closed to them, there was nowhere for them to go. The open sea meant death. Upon their refusal a Turkish tug started to tow them out. It was then that the boat sprung a leak and began to sink. The indescribable scene that followed—the crying of women and terrified children—was witnessed by an English captain in charge of an English company's salvage ship that lay at anchor near by.

The Turks came aboard the English ship and asked the captain to lend his pumps. The captain refused. He said he had observed the boat in question for some days, that she was obviously unseaworthy, pumping could not avail to keep her afloat, and the Turkish officials were apparently aiming at giving two hundred people a watery grave in the middle of the Bosphorous.

Whilst this drama was proceeding an S.O.S. message arrived by telephone at the office of the League of Nations. It was an appeal on behalf of these drowning people. Immediate intervention succeeded in gaining permission for them to wade ashore while the boat slowly sank in shallow water.

They were then interned on the very spot where they disembarked. Providence might have been kinder, it might have been a more hospitable spot. The Bosphorus hemmed them in on one side; a stone wall, a lean-to shed, and a fence of barbed wire and old petrol tins, on the three other sides, but here they were obliged to remain. Their money was confiscated, and they were left by the Turkish authorities to starve. "I did not invite them here," said the Chief of Police to me, and shrugged his shoulders.

The captain of the salvage ship sent them of his store, but two hundred take a lot of daily feeding, and his store was soon exhausted. Then Miss Mitchell, attached to the League of Nations, collected some money and fed them for several days, but she had no funds—the League does not undertake to feed the International destitute. When her charity was exhausted it was intimated to the Red Crescent that their feeding by charity was no longer being continued, but the Red Crescent did not respond. Official Turkey was then appealed to, but the only reply was “We have not enough money to feed our own poor.”

The individual Turkish policemen whose duty it was to guard them watched their slow starvation. Morning and evening for four days they reported that the interned had received no food.

With stolid Slav stoicism these people sat down on the sea's edge and resigned themselves to death. It was then that Miss Mitchell asked the police guards' leave to introduce me into the enclosure. The police greeted us almost emotionally.

“Certainly, certainly, go in, if you have come to help,” one of them said, adding: “It breaks our hearts to be obliged to sit here helplessly and watch them.”

The moment we entered the enclosure we were surrounded by a half-naked crowd, most of them young, and, in spite of all they had endured, they were remarkable for their physique. A weaker lot would have been dead long since, but these without doubt represented a survival of the ultra-fittest. Their faces, however, had grown dull and expressionless, they hardly had the strength to speak. "We have had nothing to eat for four days," said their spokesman in French, and the words seemed an effort to pronounce. "Death awaits us" ("*C'est la mort qui nous attend*"), said another

In the shed one man was lying ill with pleurisy, and another was in the last stages of tuberculosis. In a further corner another was devouring a crust, his eyes glittering with the lustre of starvation. The others stood around and looked at him apathetically.

I had heard people sentimentalise indignantly because the dogs of Constantinople had been put on an island and left to starve to death. Here were humans, and the same method seemed to apply. If the English captain had not intervened when they were about to be towed out to drown in deep water it might perhaps have been more humane.



I promised they should have food that day, and the next day also, but it was not in my means to promise more. I then made haste to the Russian Consul. He was already thoroughly informed, but obdurate—Moscow had telegraphed emphatic orders, there was nothing to be done. It was as though a great iron door had suddenly been closed in my face, and not all the rapping on that door would avail to open it even on a crack.

I left the Russian Consulate in desperation and went begging, first to the American Embassy. Mrs Bristol was in the throes of organising a ball supper for that very night. I hesitated to intrude my story at so inopportune a moment. Mrs. Bristol urged me. I blurted it out hurriedly. Her advice was: "Come to-night—there will be people whom you can talk to who might help." I said I couldn't; "Not at a ball—people don't want to hear about the starving." I didn't go, but the next morning she telephoned to me triumphantly. She had in the midst of dancing collected enough to save them for a month.

When the plight of these people was published in the Russian papers, with all the lurid details of

Bulgarian brutality, the working men organised meetings, at which they denounced and censured the Bulgarian white terror. This was told me in all seriousness by a member of the Soviet Consulate! It seemed to me that the Russian working men might have been more helpful if they had demonstrated a unanimous opinion that their exiled, starving brothers be instantly admitted, as promised, to the land where they belonged. But that is another matter.

As for Turkish opinion, when I related the details and asked, "Is it within the possibility of things that these people could be left to die? And then, being dead, their corpses would, I suppose, be released for burial?" the answer was

"Yes, under the present tangled form of administration they certainly might die."

Another to whom I appealed merely groaned. "When shall we be rid of Anglo-Saxon sentimentalism?"

Yet another, who shrugged his shoulders with indifference and said, "Why do you set so much importance upon the preservation of life? Death is a release."

Perhaps he was right, we set too much

## A NEAR-EAST DRAMA

65

importance upon the value of life It is an essential difference between East and West The East sets no value either on the living or on the dead, whereas the West exaggerates the importance of both

## VIII

### A COMITAJI

HADJI was the children's Russian teacher ; and in this matter one could not choose Russian teachers were a problem The Whites imposed their political hates , the Reds had work and no leisure Hadji was Bulgarian ; he spoke Russian as all Bulgarians do It may not have been the best Russian, but it was better than nothing He was a chemical engineer out of a job , and he played the violin like one inspired.

His appearance attracted attention. He had a thick black beard and a thin, ivory face with deep-set eyes. I thought he looked like the portraits of Dostoyefski, but strangers had been known to go up to him in the street and whisper " Rasputin." He wore the Russian workman's blouse, and he walked with his head in the air and his hands in his pockets and a look of disdain towards all the world Those of my friends who could not tolerate

him (for in order to live up to his looks he thought it was necessary to be ill-mannered) admitted grudgingly that Hadji was picturesque

He was a humble man, of Macedonian peasant parentage. With great effort he had earned his education, and in order to pay for it he had been forced to do menial work by day and relegate his intellectual studies to the night. Overstrain had smashed the giant frame. But spiritually he had been hardened into granite. The effort to acquire what seemed to him to be man's by right had made of him an anarchist. I dislike anarchism very little more than I dislike reactionism; but his opinions were no concern of mine. When he assured me, however, that the police dogged his footsteps I was silent and incredulous. It seemed to me he was not half as dangerous as he looked, or as interesting as being "dogged" by the police should indicate.

His psychology was illustrated by his having a little Swiss wife. I never made her acquaintance, but I judged of her by her work. She it was who made his famous Russian blouses, and she added to them all the Swiss finish that a real Russian blouse never would have tolerated. There were little straps to hold the belt in place, and buttons

and flaps to all the pockets, and special contrivances for the watch. These details led me to suspect the anarchist was more dangerous from afar than when viewed in detail. His fierceness was probably overrated, just as his shirts were overworked. Nevertheless, it was true that he had been associated some years back in the kidnapping in Macedonia of an American spinster, missionary, for whom the United States Government had been obliged to pay a gigantic ransom. That the spinster, after three months' detention, returned to the fold intact and tremendously stimulated by the adventure did not lessen the desperate reputation of the band of comitajis of whom Hadji was a leading spirit.

Constantly he boasted of his friendship with the man who had blown up the bank of Salonica.

"Why didn't you blow it up yourself?" I asked. Apparently his friend had got there first, but I was never satisfied in my mind that Hadji could have done it.

He realised that his reputation was hard to live up to, and that a black beard and glistening eyes were hardly a justification for the tameness of his life since he had become an exile.

It was obvious that he liked my house, my

children, and me, too, and yet they and I, and everything we represented, must have been alien to his principles. He seemed conscious at times that he was untrue to himself, and his dissatisfaction expressed itself in an outward manner that was often so abrupt as to be unmannerly. He scoffed at those of my Turkish friends who kissed my hand and paid exaggerated compliments in flowery Turkish fashion. He scoffed even at Alecco, the Montenegrin gardener. "He has learnt elegant manners in the great bourgeois families in which he has worked," he would say contemptuously. To which I replied that "A man is not less a man because he has good manners." And to my friends I excused his ill-humours, "Hadjı is just a primitive comitajı, but he plays the violin so divinely that one must forgive him everything!"

He affected to scorn those who did things for me—out of jealousy, because he could do nothing for me himself. No one ever came to see me empty-handed. There was a university professor, who arrived with a varied assortment of candy from the Sultan's famous confectioner. There was a Government official who used to arrive from Angora with a white cat, or an Angora goat. Even

as I walked along the road doorways would open ajar and someone would slip out with a little gift. It might be an embassy gardener with a bunch of flowers, the proprietor of the neighbouring inn with a rose-tree in a pot, or an egg that his hen had just laid. The little fezzed boys would garland puppy dogs for my acceptance, or beribbon kittens, for whom my refusal meant the alternative of the crystal-clear Bosphorus!

Hadjı despised them all, but he dreamed—he was rich in dreams—and he knew his opportunity would come some day. Meanwhile he sought relief in scoffing at those who did what he could not.

Sometimes I provoked him into an outburst of anarchistic views in order to watch the horrified faces of the ring of listeners. There were some who enjoyed being horrified, people who were accustomed when they went out to tea to talk gossip and banalities.

I had but to say to Hadjı, "What a pity that you are not a revolutionary!" and his eyes would flash rebellion to confute me. "But on your own admission, Hadjı, you are an individualist, and individualism cannot accomplish anything; only discipline and collective movement are of any



use. An individual who shoots and burns is merely a nuisance. An organised mass who collectively shoot and burn do sometimes win the day."

Hadji, all unsuspecting, would tumble headlong into the snare, hurl himself into passionate explanations. He knew exactly what to say about the mission of individualists and of the revolt against discipline and domination. His theories, however, were too long and technical. I had no desire to probe deeply; I merely aimed at provoking him entertainingly.

My Turkish friends always thought it very adventurous of me to live in an isolated house on the Bosphorus. Nor could they understand a woman living alone unless she were obliged to. They were convinced that my singleness was my misfortune and not my choice. Hadji, of course, interpreted me differently. According to him, I was emerging from the trance of transition into the blinding light of truth. He thought I had come to the Bosphorus to reflect—to weigh—to decide. He believed that he could help my evolution, that it was the psychological moment to mould an anarchist, and he threw himself into the business with the fervour of a missionary.

The children learnt his creed, weighed it, did not adopt it, but took advantage of it. Hadji had, among his vicissitudes, been a teacher at the Rousseau School in Paris. There it was the children's will that ran the school. If they did not wish to work they must not be forced. Their attitude reflected on the teacher if he could not make lessons interesting enough to attract. When these principles became known to my children they announced that they did not mean to work, and watched the effect. Hadji offered to teach them chemistry instead of Russian. This they preferred. Chemistry was fun, not work. These facts were kept a secret from me, but one day, long after the hour when sounds of violin practice should have sailed through the open window, the continued silence prompted me to call out. A shrill child's voice, vibrant with excitement, answered me. "Do not disturb us, *matushka*. We are making bombs!"

"Making what?"

"Just little bombs! Just bomblets!"

A few minutes later they had left the house, in order to explode them in the garden.

I remonstrated with Hadji. I said that, although I wanted a modern education for my children, it

did not have to be so modern. He was a violent man, and lost his temper, he said that if I interfered he would prefer not to come again. I agreed that he should not come. But time affected a repentance upon his spirit.

One day I stood on the balcony overlooking the Bosphorus, watching the tacking of a ship that had caught the evening sun in its white sails. Closer and closer it came, until I recognised the pale, sphinx-like face in the stern. The boat came alongside the landing-steps, and Hadji, with a manner of mystery, joined me on the balcony.

"I have brought you something that must not be moved until after dark. Your servants must not know."

"Know what?" I asked. He looked around cautiously, and lowered his voice.

"I have brought you a tombstone."

And then I remembered how one day, when we were in a boat gliding up the "sweet waters of Asia," we passed by an old burial-ground, full of carved marble tombstones that were leaning and tumbling about in varied attitudes of neglect. It was then that Hadji said slightly, "The Turks have no more regard for the dead than for the



THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE BOSPHORUS

living " But I remember I did not heed him ; I was in no mood for his sarcasms " They are beautiful," I said, and pointed to one that was carved with an enchanting flower It was a tall, slim, white stone that looked like the ghost of a young girl. " Imagine it in a garden amid a clump of white lilies " Hadji did not answer Evidently he was dreaming how the slim, white ghost should find its way into my garden. Here, at last, was something that none of my other friends could give me. They would not dare to , but he would dare It would cost him nothing but his audacity.

The coast of Asia was bathed in evening sunlight, golden like a Turner picture It seemed all the more brilliant to us on the European side who were enveloped in shadow

Hadji stood by my side, waiting for the night The white columns of the balcony seemed to enframe the evening as fantastically as any stage decoration.

The sea was very still, and in the dusk a giant steamer passed like a great phantom, its lights reflecting coloured columns, and its engines breaking the stillness with their rhythmic throbbing.

It pounded its noisy, splendid way through the gap that divides Europe from Asia, and finally became an indistinct silhouette towards the horizon. The two great lights, like fiery eyes, grew dimmer in the distance.

There was no twilight. An owl proclaimed the night. Then Hadji struggled across the garden with a white load on his back. His breath came in short, quick gasps. His halting, shuffling footsteps betrayed the weight that seemed almost too much for him. "Why doesn't the boatman help?" I asked, but Hadji had no breath to answer. He stumbled up the path, pausing now and then, but ignoring my protests.

Under cover of a dark, deserted shed on the hillside he lowered the tombstone with difficulty to the ground. After what seemed a long silence, during which I could hear the beating of his heart, he answered me.

"The boatman will not touch it."

"Have you done a dreadful thing!" I was already half alarmed.

"Dreadful? Certainly not," he repeated in his usual voice of scorn. "How can I be doing anything more dreadful than the Turks themselves. You can see them any day breaking up their

tombstones for road-mending, when the burial-ground happens to be near enough to the road."

"They may do what they like with their own," I argued, "but I am a foreigner—a *giasour*—an infidel."

Hadji waved my arguments aside with a gesture. "Have no fear," he said

"Will the boatman tell?" I asked.

"No, I have known him for years, I can trust him"

"Is he shocked?"

"He says he will lend his boat, but not his hand"

The tombstone that Hadji had selected was not the one I had admired, it had no flower design. He had snatched at random the easiest and the nearest to the water's edge. It was carved with an inscription, which he deciphered slowly by the flickering light of a match.

"She is the daughter of —— Oh! but what a litany of praise—how untranslatable."

He tried again, reading the Turkish words in a sonorous voice, and hesitating for their equivalent in crude English, finally

"It was her destiny to die young—and not all

the doctors in the world could save her, since it was written that her hour had come. Please say a *fatihé* for her soul."

Hadji advised me to leave the stone hidden in the shed for several days, and then produce it as if I had found it in the bushes on the hilltop.

When he returned to the boat the old Turk was waiting patiently, and by the light of his small oil-lamp I could see his sullen face. He would not acknowledge my good-night salutation.

Left alone, I reflected upon the night's strange happenings. I could not sleep. It was one of those nights when even the sea is silent. A feeling of foreboding enveloped me. The soul of the girl seemed to be standing before me threateningly.

Then followed the dread of reality. I imagined the infuriated family whose grave had been desecrated, and the sullen boatman who would tell the tale. I remembered vague stories about Moslem fanaticism, and wondered if men would break into the house. They could strangle me and throw my body into the Bosphorus, and people would think I had accidentally drowned. In the isolation of my white-columned house I would be strangled.



Hassan the cook would indicate my door. I sat up in terror, straining to hear the faintest sound. But, no—this night it would not happen, the tombstone could not yet be missed—but tomorrow——

Slowly the night dragged by. At daybreak I slept fitfully. Then followed a day of torture. How to tell Hadji that he must return and take away the stone? Poor Hadji! He had brought it with such triumph in the white-sailed ship. He had carried it with such effort up the hill. And yet, what else was there to do? Alone, I was helpless to move it. Perhaps with the help of Alecco—— But would not my nights be hideous with uncertainty until the boatman himself was a witness of the replacement?

I sent a message to Hadji bidding him to come without fail—"in the same boat, with the same boatman, at the same hour."

I stood on the balcony and waited. At dusk the mysterious white ship reappeared, and with flapping and lowering of sail came alongside the landing-steps. Then I unburdened myself to Hadji. I was so desperately in earnest that he did

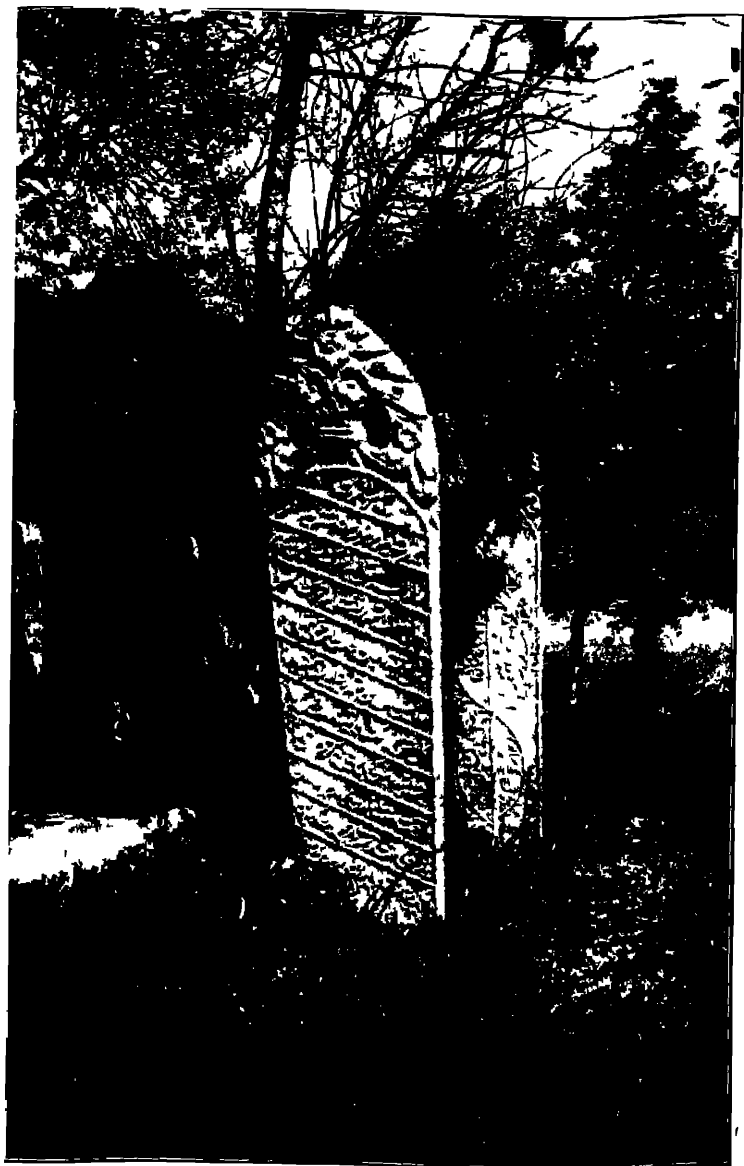
not dare to laugh, nor was he angry. He seemed, in fact, rather pleased to have an opportunity of coming back to the columned house by the water's edge !

That night he struggled again with the heavy burden. His muffled steps shuffled across the garden. It was like the secret removal of a corpse after a murder.

He had promised me to take it back in the boat to the place where it belonged. I opened the garden door, he passed through it, bent double, and staggered to the quayside. There followed a splash as of a heavy body—Hadji had dropped the white stone into the water.

As he stood facing me, with strange, deep, defiant eyes, I dared not express my disappointment. I led him to the house, and the boatman also, and by the light of candles we talked in undertones. Hadji sat crumpled up, his head and beard sunk down upon his chest. He looked half lifeless from the effort of satisfying my caprice. He did not raise his head, but only his eyes to look at me. I felt myself in the presence of some malignant mystic.

"Tell the boatman," I said, "that I meant no disrespect towards this Moslem tomb."



GRAVE OF A TURKISH WOMAN

Hadji translated my words, and the sullen expression faded from the old Turk's face.

"Tell the *hanum*," he replied through Hadji, "that it is of no consequence. The Christians attribute an importance to these things, but to us—the dead are unimportant."

## IX

### TWO CEMETERIES

Not far from Buyukderey, on the road that starts towards the Forest of Belgrade, there are two cemeteries, side by side, the one is Roman and the other Armenian Catholic

When I passed by, the gate of the Armenian cemetery was open. It looked deserted, untended, and overgrown, like an Irish cemetery. But even the waist-high grass and the fierce thickness of brambles could not hide the desecrations that had taken place. The mausoleums had been broken into, their contents dispersed. The tombs were smashed and violated. I picked up the angel heads that had been knocked off a stone monument by the fanatical Moslem, whose faith forbids the image that is in man's likeness.

The gate of the Roman Catholic cemetery was padlocked, but the children climbed on to the wall and stood outlined against the sky. Suddenly a

childish voice of horror exclaimed: "They've thrown down Jesus Christ and broken Him."

Before I could stop him, Dick had let himself down over the wall on the farther side. As I looked through the iron barred gate, and read the French and Italian names upon the stones, a little figure came towards me staggering under the weight of a broken iron crucifix and pushed it through the bars. Breathlessly he related the things he saw "There are—open tombs full of water like wells—and bones and crosses and broken hearts lying about the ground, and over there—in the shadow—a marble face in the wall looked at me——"

"Tell me," I asked; "what is that straight in front of us?"

The arching cypress avenue blocked out the view. One could see in the distance a painted wall which could have been a ruined chapel; it was of a blue that is like the promise of Heaven.

Dick started off up the path that led towards this indefinite end . . . I reflected upon the souls of children—with what eager fearlessness must they approach the Throne of God. . . .

He stood poised for a moment at the top of the

steps as if in surprise, and then—disappeared into the blue.

I shouted, but there was no reply. I shouted louder still, but the echo of my own voice was the only sound that broke the stillness. I shook the iron bars in desperate fear. Could he have fallen into a gaping pit, into an open tomb, full of water like a well? Was he lost within the sacred precincts? Could I not force the gates?

He returned to me—his soul evidently in revolt, his eyes bright with indignation. "I hate them!" he exclaimed. "I hate them! It is too much——" He could find no words.

This sudden championship of Christendom surprised me, the children having never been taught any religion except that of tolerance.

And, as the words of the old Turkish boatman came back to me, I explained: "To the Moslem the dead are unimportant."

We hid Jesus Christ in my overcoat and brought Him home with us.

## TWO GUNS

Beyond Buyukderey the road leads round the bend of the cliff to Kavak, where it ends. At Kavak one is in full view of the Black Sea; the Bosphorus is no more.

On the beach next to the landing-stage the ground is littered with the dismantled parts of two gigantic guns. The Treaty of Lausanne and the Straits Commission are responsible for their impotence.

A Turkish soldier on a commanding height orders the children not to approach the monsters whose duty his is to guard. He seems to believe that a little girl and a small boy might damage them. The ants that crawl over the revolving iron wheels might leave as much impression.

The sight of these guns fills me with loathing and repulsion. It is not without reason that the



World War made of me a pacifist, and for that reason more even than for any love of adventure I left my own country to live abroad, in order that a son who was conceived in war should have no nationalism

Dick is overwhelmed, silent with wonderment and awe. It is explained to him by a competent authority that these are larger than land guns usually are, and that probably the *Iron Duke* has guns like them

In the evening, when we are bathing among the rocks after the heat of the day, a small, naked figure, shiny and wet, crawls up to me where I lie in shallow water. The wash of a passing steamer splashes him as he confides to me in an undertone a secret that seems too hard to keep :

"I want to go into the Navy—and I don't want to be in any small ships. I'd like to be in the *Iron Duke* "

This is his answer to my pacifism.

I see a vision of the future—my son, and the largest guns in the world—and I turn away that he may not see my face.

## XI

### TWO EARTHQUAKES

*June 24th, 1925.*

A still night——

Sometimes one cries aloud for stillness, the water wearies one with its restless sound. In contrast the sudden calm seems uncanny, either because one has grown unaccustomed or because it chances to be stiller this night than any stillness one has ever known.

It is 2 a m., and a sudden rumbling noise as of some great machine passing along the road shakes the house. How it shakes!—I am shaken in my bed—and then the oppressive, uncanny silence reigns again.

I light a candle and hurry upstairs. The children are awake. "What is it?" they ask.

"It is an earthquake," I answer.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know." The mere word sounds like a

joke. The children are excited, sleepy, and frightened, but they wish it had been a more violent earthquake !

*July 15th, 1925.*

Dusk, and stillness, and the faintest lapping of the calm water against the landing-steps.

As I dine on the terrace overlooking the sea I am full of thankfulness on account of the blessedness of my isolation. There is a distant, throbbing, rhythmic sound which I mistake at first for the engine of a steamship, but a warm gust of wind blowing towards me carries the sound of a jazz band. Round a bend of the bay, mercifully hidden from view, is the noisy village, where overdressed women and international diplomats have taken up their summer residence.

My terraced garden, with its stone balustrade and shady, big-leaved trees, stands alone, and Asia faces me grandiosely in the mellow, fading light.

I feel like singing a pæan of praise to Allah for His great goodness—for the beauty of a formless, rose-coloured cloud and a reflecting water ; for the indigo shadows on the orange mountain ; for the open sea between two continents, and for one white sail on the distant horizon ; for two dolphins

splashing; and for a bird that sings a song unknown, my heart is overflowing with praise.

The light fades rapidly, as if the day is weary and impatient to be gone.

Suddenly a little white figure appears at an open window.

"What is it?" I ask

"My bed is shaking!" comes the answer.

"Nonsense! Go back to bed, you naughty boy!"

It seems to me that my son lacks imagination if he can invent no more ingenious excuse to justify a conversation after hours.

At another window another white figure suddenly appears.

"Mummie! It's an earthquake—my bed is shaking!"

An earthquake!

And the sound of the jazz band is blown across the water from Buyukdercy.

## SUNRISE OVER ASIA

ASIA is a black silhouette against an aureole of translucent light. A wisp of opalescent mist floats across her, as though to soften the harshness of her outline. The sea is a shimmering calm that reflects the sky in a different tone. The birds fly silently, as if they fear to wake the day.

The shout of the fisherman is re-echoed by Europe and by Asia. The long, curved boat is a black line on the water, and four black figures are straining at the nets with a rhythmic movement.

In the narrow opening, where the Bosphorus joins the horizon of the Black Sea, the sky is mauve and blue and pink, like the hydrangeas that are sleeping in the garden.

The sun is about to rise behind the Giant's mountain. Up there, next to the mosque that stands amid evergreen trees, there is a tomb, larger than any tomb one has ever seen, that crowns

the hilltop. Legend insists that this is the grave of the Prophet Joshua. White lilies grow upon it; a wall surrounds it, pilgrims visit it.

There is a radiant light around that tomb, a golden glow that grows increasingly intense.

The mist has faded everywhere except on the summit of the sacred hill. A cloud has descended upon the earth in order that Joshua's body should seem to be in Heaven.

Only at night and in the early morning is the sea so calm and silent. As soon as the day awakes the wind will come rushing through the opening from the Black Sea, lacerating the water into a foamy, splashing protest, and another noisy day will pass. . . .

The light is blinding; the mist that shrouds the tomb of Joshua is tinged with flame. The mountain has become a purple range; a golden column is dancing across the water from Asia to my feet. The peace of the night is over—the sun has risen.

## XIII

### MY GARDEN

I SHALL never tell anyone about my garden, because, if I did, people would have to listen or be rude, and people who talk about their gardens are as unbearable as those who talk about their babies , but I shall write about my garden because no one need read it unless he wants to !

My garden is a terraced hillside by the Bosphorus. It has different levels and varied climates. On the ground level there is the house on one side, a long, high wall against the sea, and the mountain behind , it encloses magnolia trees that are as high as the house . There are windows in the wall, six big windows, barred, and shuttered with wooden shutters painted green. When the wind is blowing from the Black Sea I shut the shutters and resign myself to the severe monastic shelter of that lower garden.

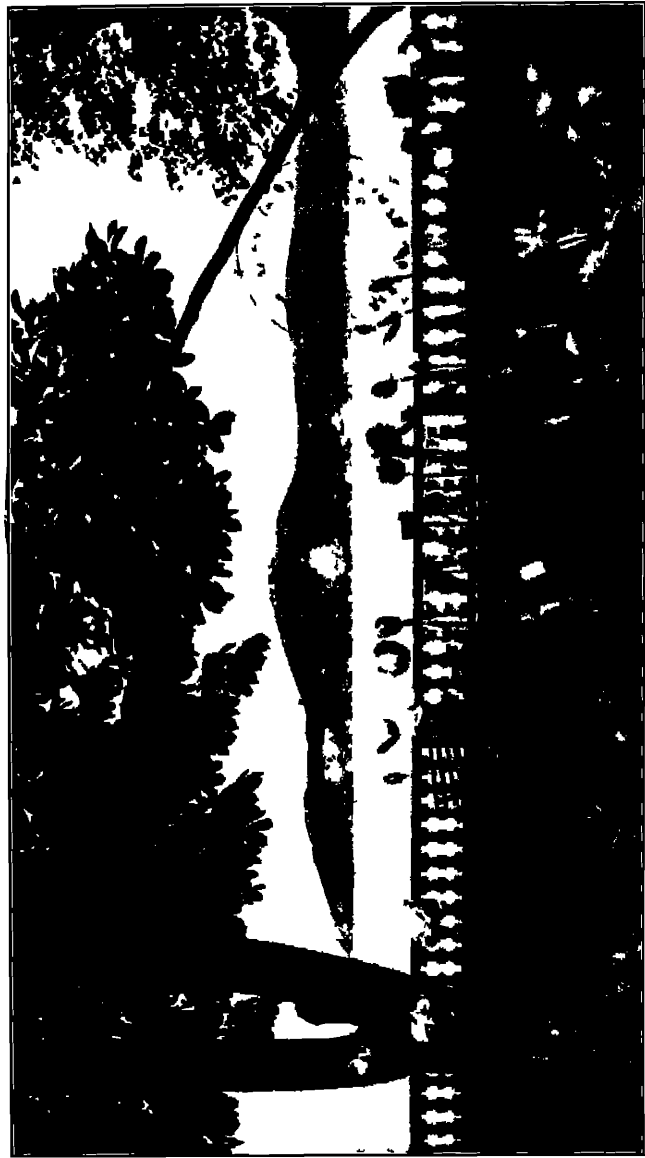
When there is only a little wind I open wide the

shutters and it seems as if I had let daylight into a room. All the sunshine comes dancing in, waking up the heavy-headed pink hydrangeas that grow in a row against the wall.

Each window is a picture. There is always a passing ship. It may be a modern steamship, with a black funnel encircled by three red rings, and flying the Red flag of Russia. Sometimes it is a Persian, a German, a Greek, an Italian, a Dutchman, an Egyptian, or an Englishman.

Every country in the world seems to send its ships, sooner or later, past the window of my wall. And the sailing ships are of every variety, from the graceful yacht of the Danish Minister to the innumerable "*Fliegende Hollanders*" with their sails bulging with the north wind as they return from their fishing expeditions. Occasionally they are becalmed. It may be that towards the Asian coast there is still a breeze, and the ships that happen to be that side pursue their way unchecked, whilst those nearer in to the European shore are helpless. One can tell by the colour of the water exactly where the wind is, and one can watch it coming—coming from the Black Sea; one can see the darkened surface of the water spreading its mantle wider and farther, until it has reached the





MY GARDEN FACING ASIA

becalmed ships; then the loosely flapping sails suddenly fill, and away they go.

Sometimes, when the water is calm and still, there is suddenly a sound as of rain, or a plashing fountain. It is a shoal of little fish who come to the surface with a hissing and bubbling. Then the little Turkish boys rush excitedly to the quayside and scoop them out in nets. They do not pause even to collect their fishes, but just leave them to jump and dance in the dust, for the shoal soon passes out of reach; and the fishing is just a matter of seconds.

Through these windows in the wall I watch the flights of the birds ~~that~~ for ever skim the surface of the Bosphorus. I suppose they are birds—they fly fast and low. Sometimes they are shiny black, and sometimes they are gleaming silver, according to the position of the sun. They have no legs and apparently no name. I wonder and wonder what they do when they are tired of flying. I have asked the Turks this question, but the only answer is that they are looking for the name of the hundredth attribute of God. The ninety-nine names are known, and are inscribed in the Faith of Islam, but the hundredth, which was engraved in Solomon's ring, <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ lost in the sea, and ever since then these birds

have been searching for it, and they will never rest until they have found it. They fly so close to the water's surface that they could see Solomon's ring if it were there. One may run a boat into their midst, but one cannot deter them nor deviate them in their course. Not one of them has ever been known to strike against a boat's side. They are never killed, and never found dead. They are never seen to feed, and never known to alight. In storm and calm they pursue their search, always at the same rapid pace. Sometimes there are two flights, one going up towards the Black Sea and the other going down towards the Marmora, but each keeps to its own side and never gets intermixed. They do not appear even to notice each other, so intent are they upon their search.

All this I see through the garden windows, and a variety of creepers enframe the pictures : wistaria, of course, and a rose that blooms in cluster—such a common little rose, so sweet, so pink. Then there is a creeper, with a pale green, delicate leaf like a trefoil, and small, dull purple flowers, that I love because it blooms before anything else. It might be a plum-coloured climbing hepatica, but no one seems ever to have seen it before, and it has no known name. There is not a book in th

French or English language that can assist the alien gardener on the Bosphorus, and if one ask a Turk he will merely answer, "It is a flower!"

There is another creeper on the wall that is particularly magnificent and equally nameless. It has a flower that looks like a magnified *stephanotis*, but which is of an indescribable exotic orange-red. Strangely enough, in a land of nameless flowers and birds, this colour is called "*rouge-saturne*." This "saturn" flower (what a lovely name for it!) would be more appropriate in an English hothouse. It seems to have no right to grow in such an unsheltered, robust, unhindered way. It has climbed the wall and thrown itself over the top, and rather blatantly arrests the passers-by.

It arrests a man whose eyes should be focused on the ground. He is bent with a load of empty sacks upon his back. Something makes him look up. He sees the "saturn" flower overhanging, and stops. He lowers his sacks on to the ground, straightens himself, and I see that he is young and tall. He wears the little, round, stiff, black cap of the Persian. No one seems able to explain (nothing is explained in Turkey) why it is the exclusive prerogative of Persians to

sell sacks, ordinary coarse-grained flour-sacks. The fact remains.

This Persian sack-pedlar looks at the flower and smiles, and then he catches sight of me through the bars of the window in the wall. His eyes are dark and fierce in spite of his smile. My children—who have developed an exaggerated British psychology by prolonged living abroad, and who consider that a man's garden is a sacred private place—make a movement towards the green shutter to close it in the pedlar's face. I am just in time to save this discourtesy. He smiles back at me, and comes and leans against the window frame. He knows the same five words of Russian that I know, and to which I am able to add three words in Turkish, but it is not much of a conversation that one can sustain on so slender a basis. Of course, he thinks the flower beautiful, it is "*choc harasho!*" it reminds him of Ispahan. Think of it, that the flower on my wall should make someone stop and think of Ispahan! Is it the flower or the colour? Oh, hang his Russian and my Turkish . . . I want to know *so* much, *so* much, in just what way the colour of my flower is like Ispahan—is it perchance in the sunset glow that Ispahan is saturn-coloured?

The sack pedlar goes cheerfully upon his way with a little piece of "saturn" tucked inside his ragged, dirty shirt.

Sometimes the gipsies stop on their way from neighbouring Buyukderey. There is one who wears baggy trousers that are orange, with black spots, a lemon-yellow jacket with red dots, magenta stockings, and a white gauzy veil tied under her chin. Her bodice is open very low, her fingers are henna-stained and she smokes a cigarette. With ever such a "wangling" way she looks in through the window in the wall. She puts her head on one side and smiles and shows her even teeth. With the prettiest hand-gesture she indicates that she thinks me pretty! What does she want, the wily witch? "It is not I, it is you," I tell her; "it is you who are *çok guzell*!" "I?"—she opens wide her huge, round, gazelle-like eyes in mock surprise—"I? *Guzell*?" And she throws her head back, and, with her hands on her hips, laughs softly. There is obviously no need to tell her what she already knows; it is not for compliments that she has stopped, although they please her. "Go away," I say, "go away, and don't come back until you've brought me blackberries—a big

basket full!" She understands, nods and disappears.

Three times a day (for we are civilised) the shout of "*Posta*" (if we are lucky) brings the fezzed postboy smilingly to the window in the wall. How curious that a letter that has been confided to a small, remote village in Sussex should find its way to *Thérapia* in five days for twopence half-penny! I have learnt not to be disappointed when I am handed a sheaf of letters that are not for me, for the postboy can only read Turkish, and he sometimes brings me all the correspondence of the English summer visitors of *Thérapia*. I read the names to him out loud, and the moment he hears them pronounced he knows where they belong.

How I wish I could talk with the postboy and the pedlar, the gipsies and the fishermen, the venders of vegetables and charcoal who ride their pannier-laden horses, and the morose road-waterer. He is paid by the *vilayet* to haul buckets of water out of the Bosphorus to allay the dust, but before he has reached the length of my wall the road is already dry! It is a hard and thankless task, and reminds one of those unfortunates who are doomed

for ever to pour water into a bottomless well. The road-waterer is silent and philosophic. I would not be surprised if his thoughts were well worth knowing, but, in order to talk with all the people on the road, I should need to speak not only French, but Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Russian, Georgian, Laze, Tartar, Afghan, Persian, and Arabic.

When there is no wind at all I go to the terrace that is on the other side of the house, and is raised to the first-floor level. An old, grey, stone balustrade borders it on the sea side. One does not see the road, and, not seeing it, one loses sense of its existence. There are big lime-trees and a chestnut-tree upon the terrace. I sit in their shadow and long for a little wind to blow across from Asia. When it was winter and the sunshine was unfiltered by the big tree leaves I dug a border and planted it full of Darwin tulips. I brought three hundred of them in a brown-paper bag from England. How the Customs official laughed. The *lallé*, as it is called in Turkish, is the national flower of Turkey. It is reproduced in the old embroideries and woven in the silks; it is represented on the coloured porcelain tiles that decorate the inner walls of palaces and mosques; it is



praised in verse, and the popular name for a girl is Lallé

But he begged me for one, the Customs official did, and not only for one, but for two. Perhaps he expected they would be some rare foreign species. I gave him six, and planted two hundred and ninety-four in the border. They bloomed, but only just in time, and towards the end of their flower-time they were straining on their long stems towards the light, which is in the direction of the sea. I had forgotten those big leafy trees, whose presence in winter seemed so insignificant. After the tulips nothing ever bloomed again.

From the terrace there is a flight of stone steps that evolve into a winding, zigzag path through the wooded hillside, which in spring is full of Judas trees in bloom, past a columned row of cypresses, and so up on to the hilltop. Here it is inexpressibly wild and tangled, but once it was a tended garden. The fig-trees, the plum- and almond-trees, are all mixed up with vines and rioting roses. In a shady, wooded corner, at the beginning of the year, there was a carpet of giant scarlet anemones. My Turkish friends said they grew wild, and called them—yes, they actually found a name for them!—they called them poppies.

I knew very well they were neither poppies nor wild ; not any more wild than the hedges of white spiræa, and the lilies that I dug up shamefully as soon as their green noses began to show above the grass, and which I planted in the terrace border, where they never bloomed !

How I love my hillside garden, the wilderness, the freedom of it, and the feeling it gives of being almost divine, because it is so high up, so close to Heaven

Through the windows of the lower garden I see the steamships pass, and the fishing-boats ; but from the hilltop I can see Argo sailing with Jason and the heroes towards Russia to seek the Golden Fleece. Zetes and Calais, who abandoned the Argonauts in order to hunt the Whirlwind, sometimes come and talk to me on my hilltop. Occasionally they spring into the air and fight the Harpies, who haunt the Bosphorus, and a battle of the winds ensues. One never knows when they may come—the Harpies fly so quickly, so quietly, that Zetes and Calais are obliged to preserve a perpetual watch.

One evening, when the moon rose early, a golden yellow disk, from behind the Asian hills, the

children arrested their favourite boatman and brought him to the landing-steps (I never could make out whether it was the boatman or the boat that they preferred. The latter was called *Victoria*, and most appropriately had red plush cushions) They made such a noise, looking for me, with their shouting that they silenced all the nightingales. It was a dead-still night, and as I looked at the mirrored reflection I was reminded of a Turkish poet who, seeing just such a moon in the water, plunged in after it and was drowned. There was not a ripple on the surface. The boats looked as if they were toys upon a sheet of glass.

Our boatman, with great difficulty, for he was Greek and spoke not even French, began to try and tell us why the Egyptian princess, whose palace we were just passing, had not come to the Bosphorus this summer. Suddenly he stopped in his rowing, paused, with his head on one side. We waited for him to go on, thinking that he was perhaps fumbling in his mind for a missing word. "Return," he said abruptly, and began to pull hard with one oar. For a second I wondered whether he had had enough of rowing us and was taking it upon himself to decide upon returning. "Waves," he said, "waves coming." He had

heard it, he had heard the coming of the storm ; almost immediately it was upon us. The battle of the winds had begun. Zetes and Calais were at it again, the Bosphorus was white with foam, waves beat against the little boat's side, the current twisted it hither and thither, and Margaret, my little daughter, sang for joy. She has an affinity with storms. Every evening when I tuck her up in bed she says, " I hope ther'll be a storm to-night " Here was a night after her own heart, but the storm vanquished us. We were obliged to land some distance away, and struggle home on foot, against the wind, along the spray-washed road.

Down in the lower garden one could hear the lashing sound of water, but among the magnolia branches there was not a stir. The shutters of the windows in the wall were closed.

## XIV

### TURKISH EMANCIPATION

*continued*

WHEN I want to go "to town" I choose either the 9 a.m. boat, which calls at every station on the European side of the Bosphorus, or the 11 a.m. boat, which calls at every station on the Asia coast. The women who travel on the one or the other are of a completely different kind.

Those who come aboard from the European stations are either emancipated Turkish women, wearing turbans with European clothes, or else Greeks with big round faces, huge black eyes, loud voices, bodies that are shapeless masses in tight dresses, and ankles like columns.

Most of the women who come on board from the Asian stations are veiled or wear the black *charchaff*, which covers them from head to foot and is drawn in with full gathers at the back. This garment gives them the appearance of nuns, and they walk with folded arms inside their sleeves and

a downcast, nun-like look. They never glance to the right or left as they walk one behind another in solemn procession across the deck between rows of benches full of men, and disappear into the women's separate section at the stern of the ship.

The exact stage of evolution that has been reached by the Turkish woman is almost impossible to define, it varies with locality and class.

The working woman, especially in the country, is absolutely untouched by Turkey's modernism, and the leisured class in the little provincial towns like Broussa find the traditionalism hard to fight. Conservative public opinion still relegates women into a hidden background.

It would be equally misleading to judge by less than two dozen obvious *mondaines* who are continually on view in Constantinople and whom one meets at embassies.

The majority of women are not of this class. There is an ever-growing-larger group of professionals (teachers, students, clerks, etc.), and there are the peasants.

The first category, however, are those in fullest view. For them, dancing spells emancipation, and even this dancing freedom is sub-divided,

There are those who dance at *some* of the embassies (United States and British) and those who dance at *all* the embassies, anywhere, in fact, where there is a lighted candle. There are a few who are so bold as to dance in restaurants with their Turkish menfolk. There are yet fewer who dare to dance in restaurants with Europeans, and these latter are supposed to have surpassed the limits!

The only lingering vestige of tradition that characterises any and all of these women, even the most modern, is their head-covering.

Apparently the Prophet said (so they assure me) that women should not have their hair uncovered before men. Having discarded the veil, they wear a turban of soft material, which is infinitely more becoming than any hat, and in a ballroom the result is often far more distinguished than the Occidental shingled head.

In the daytime it is proper that these turbans should be of some subdued colour, black or grey, but there are a few independent spirits who adapt scarves with patterns and designs to their purpose.

The highest form of "snobbism," however, is to be conservative, and there is an anti-emancipation movement among the very select. For

instance, the wife of a foreign office official, at whose house I lunched on the Asian Coast, took me afterwards in a motor to see a view. She preferred to make a great *détour* rather than return through the little town, because she had on a pansy-coloured turban instead of a black one !

A Turkish man, discussing this subject of woman's emancipation, said to me, " If I saw a Turkish woman of my acquaintance talking with a Christian in the street, I should look the other way and pretend I did not know her ! " This prejudice on the part of the Conservatives to every step in the women's upward road to freedom does not in the least affect those who are bent upon reaching the goal, which as always, everywhere, depends on individual character and personality.

This evolution, however, has been slowly taking place for fifty years ; it was achieved in six successive stages.

It began, first, when foreign governesses were admitted into the intimate family life.

Secondly, when girls were sent to the foreign schools of Constantinople.

Thirdly, when male relations, that is to say uncles, cousins, and brothers-in-law, were allowed to meet the women of the family, who until then had



never known any man but their fathers, brothers, and husbands.

Fourthly, in the Revolution of 1908, when the Constitution was forced upon the Sultan

Fifthly, when the World War gave women the opportunity of becoming nurses and filling the posts of absent men

Sixthly, when the last revolution brought in the Angora Government, which, in a sudden stormy rush, threw women up on to the slippery quicksands of world equality Since when the completest emancipation has been encouraged by the President Mustapha Kemal himself and by his wife, who set an immediate example of freedom on her bridal tour by appearing everywhere in breeches and boots !

In most countries women have to be twice as efficient as men in order to gain the grudging admission of equality In Turkey the woman works four times harder before she is worthy to be acknowledged a worker at all.

The Turkish man's chief hostility, however, is reserved for the woman who goes out into the world, like her Western sister, " to earn." He says menacingly, " All right ; just let her try the competition and see how she likes it."

She may not *like* it ; that is altogether a different matter , but man probably likes it less, for up-to-date woman in the same field is pronounced more efficient.

The daughter of a Turk who occupied big Government posts in the past has just been taken into a bank She is the first, and so far the only, woman employed. The occasion aroused a formal signed protest on the part of the employees The father of the girl, hearing this, went to the clerks and informed them that he was willing to withdraw his daughter if there was one man among them who could qualify to take her place The girl could read, write, and speak French, English, and German, as well as Turkish Most Turks speak French, a few speak German, fewer still speak English. Those who speak the one hardly ever speak the other, and fewer still can write the languages they speak. There are also Turks who are proficient in foreign languages to the exclusion of their own. At all events, there was not one man who could claim the right to displace this only woman in their midst.

There are peasant woman who work in the coal-mines of the French Héraclée Company, and also in the manganese mines at Rizé. Both the French

engineer and the English director told me that women worked better than the men. I carefully enquired as to whether this meant they were more exploitable, but I was satisfied that it meant they were more efficient. These women work in batches and groups, and do not mix with the male workers; they are, however, superintended by a man, and therefore their faces are veiled

In the country they do extensive agricultural work, also under the superintendence of a man (cane in hand), the while the men of the village choose some sedentary occupation, such as basket-weaving, etc, and sit in ~~the~~ shade

At Trébizonde I stayed with European friends who had only succeeded in getting a servant by agreeing that the husband and the children should live in the house as well. She served at meals, awkwardly, having at her disposal only one hand, the other being engaged in holding a fold of her black veil tightly across her face, which was already covered with a coarse cotton one beneath. When we were alone she allowed me to pull her veil apart, and a jolly, round, laughing young face was revealed to me; but not the faintest shadow of an outline must be guessed at by any man. My host, who got up at 6 o'clock one morning, found her

unveiled in the drawing-room, all unsuspectingly dusting When she saw him she screamed, covered her face with her hands, rushed to the window, and kept her head out until he had beaten his retreat!

When General Mougin, the French representative at Angora, visited the town, the President of the local Government Committee gave a luncheon in his honour, to which I was invited, and where I found myself, of course, the only woman. The President's wife sent for me to go and see her in her private apartment, as she could not be present at a luncheon of men. The wife was a widow of the President's brother, but, as they had been married several years without children, she was looking for a second wife for him, by whom he might be less unlucky! The President, who was quite old and squint-eyed, seemed to me a sad fate for some young woman, who would never be allowed to see another man!

Women, however, are of so little account in the Black Sea region that, if a man has five children and three are girls, he will say that he has only two!

The attitude towards women is illustrated by a local murder trial that had just taken place at Rize.

The case was of a man who had murdered his mother. Questioned as to his motive, he explained that his father had taken another younger wife, and that his mother complained to him of her ill-treatment, begging that he would rescue her from the intolerable situation. "And so I shot her to end her sorrow," he explained. It never would have occurred to him to shoot his father! A man may be wrong, but one respects him—he is a man.

When the French General went ashore at little village ports where the ship called for a few hours the whole male population would turn out to see him, and follow him in a great procession wherever he went, and I saw that women were not allowed to look at him even from afar, but were roughly pushed or ordered out of sight. One saw them disappearing hurriedly down the side streets like animated bundles.

When I visited the school at Ordu I told the head teacher that I hoped the generation of girls who stood before me would never know what it was to wear a veil. The man who acted as interpreter repeated my words much against his will, and the reply which he translated in return must

have equally displeased him. "Never!" she said with emphasis. "They will never wear a veil!"

The only two centres of advancement are Angora and Constantinople. In the country districts there has been no evolution whatever, and it is hard to see how the modernism (such as it is) of the present Government is ever going to begin to make itself felt among the peasant class in the remoter districts

## A SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN ASIA

It was a Sunday, that is to say it was a Friday, and I allowed myself, on the insistence of a friend, to be taken to a quiet backwater in Asia to see how the Turks enjoy their day of rest. We got into a small row-boat that was awaiting us at Moda, and made for Kadikeuy. The boatman, young, smiling, and with a blue handkerchief tied round his head, was a well-known apache from Galata, who, having fallen abysmally into debt, was obliged to humble himself into plying a boatman's trade during the summer. This peaceful profession, however, seemed irksome to him. He longed for the debauches of Galata nights. The blue handkerchief around his head was not merely for decoration; it hid a wound inflicted in a Bordel brawl, for, like every good Galatean apache, he was kept by a public prostitute.

My friend was a Russian poet, who spoke perfect

Turkish, and the apache, as he rowed our boat through the maze of sailing yachts belonging to the English colony at Moda, inquired of him, "Have you an enemy?" The poet was thoughtful. "If you have," resumed the apache, "bring him to me, and I will get my friends together and we will kill him." He could not display a higher test of friendship. The poet thanked him.

Half an hour later we were gliding up the narrow stream that runs inland known as Yaourje. A mean little stream, sunk low between banks and without any charm of trees. It could not, of course, compare with the humblest backwater of the Thames. There were the same kind of boats, but full of rather drab-coloured people, and the up-stream and down-stream traffic kept to no particular side. The inevitable collisions, however, were conducted in a most decorous fashion. Nobody shouted and nobody swore, a perfect calm reigned in the face of every obstruction. On either bank were houses and gardens, the gardens had no flowers; but women sat in solemn, silent groups by the water's edge watching the passing people in the boats. Farther on, a flat, open, meadow space, full of little tables and chairs, was thronged with people sipping tea or lemonade.



These Sunday crowds of men, women and children sat in contemplative unity. The effect of their silent mass was indescribably uncanny. There was no laughter, no calling nor crying of children, no shouts of "waiter"—there was just a profound quietude. Hundreds of eyes watched us scramble out of the boat and up the bank, and a sea of inscrutable faces followed us in our search for a table. The women sat with veiled heads and folded hands, as though in church. The men looked as if they were listening to a rather dull sermon. The children were large-eyed and awed.

"How strange," I remarked.

"A nomadic race," answered the poet, "who have crossed the Anatolian desert and at last found water"

## XVI

### "HOW TO LIQUIDATE A STRIKE"

*Constantinople, August 20th, 1925.*

It started at midday on Wednesday, August 19th, 1925, and concerned the boat service of the Bosphorus called after the company, "Chirket-Haïrié," which the French would call *bateaux-mouches*.

The population of the Bosphorus are utterly dependent upon them. There is no railway or train or motor transport service to link the Bosphorus villages with Constantinople. There is an excellent road for those fortunate few who can afford themselves the luxury of a private motor. But, as thousands of daily toilers go to the Bosphorus for the summer and toil in and out of Constantinople morning and evening, the Chirket is as necessary to them and as important as the suburban train or the underground, the motor-bus or the tube, are to the Londoner, or the elevated railway to the New Yorker—as important, in fact, as all those

combined, since for the Constantinopolitan there is none other to fall back upon if the one fails. The workers of the Chirket had been grumbling and threatening for some months. They complained they were underpaid. The men received one lira (2s. 6d) a day, the mechanics fifty liras a month. At the time when the threatened strike was first published I mentioned it to one or two people I met, but they looked at me blankly; they had neither read of it nor heard of it. "But a Chirket strike will be a serious affair?" I said. The answer was a mere shrug of the shoulders. They knew more about strikes than I did, who only knew of strikes in England! The workers announced that it would begin at midday. They had obtained the necessary permission of the governor of the town! And they promised that their strike should be conducted in an orderly, lawful and seemly manner. They even declared that if one among them should attempt to create any disturbance his fellow-strikers would of their own free will give him up to the police. The police in turn announced that they would exercise the severest vigilance. It had been agreed between the strikers and the captains of the boats that at midday they would make for the nearest

station-landing and abandon the ship. I had that day ordered a car to come and fetch me, in view of my personal necessity to be in Constantinople. It was the motor, however, that failed to turn up, and at one o'clock, just an hour after the strike, I caught a crowded Chirket that was absolutely on time.

The evening paper, *L'Akcham*, came out with large headlines "HOW TO LIQUIDATE A STRIKE." The wily Turk knew how to do it.

"The strike took place," said *L'Akcham*, "but in a very different way from that which the leaders of the movement expected. The company having taken preliminary precautions, the cessation of work occurred so quietly that, in fact, it was not even noticed. . . .

"The Government, who were backing the directors of the company, promised full assistance. They placed the naval captain Ismail Hakki Bey at their disposal to direct 'operations.' "

At dawn Ismail Hakki had taken up his "general headquarters" on the bridge of Karakeuy in front of the landing-stage of the Bosphorus boats. He immediately sent for the representatives of the strikers and asked them if they still persisted in their intention of suspending the service. The mechanics replied they could not keep themselves on the

meagre salaries they received, and that the only way they could frame their protest was to cease work

Ismail Hakkı then gave an order—and a company of sailors of the fleet appeared and fell in, two deep, the whole length of the landing-stage and stood to arms.

It was then announced that, in order to apprehend the dislocation of the Chirket service, mechanics and firemen of the State were going on board the boats immediately. The strikers were free, therefore, to leave at midday, or earlier if they chose!

The strike delegates were stupefied. They protested. They declared that it was not just or fair that sailors from the fleet should be embarked actually before the strike. They were informed, however, that, although it might not be fair, it was a necessary precaution in order that the boats should not remain stranded at the different stations along the Bosphorus

“The mechanics wished to resist, but were prevented,” says *L'Akcham*

The strikers were then obliged to sign a letter in which they once more expressed their intention to strike. Their salaries were paid, and the “blue collars” took possession of the engine-rooms. By

eleven o'clock there was not a single "one" of the Chirket mechanics on board the Chirket boats.

The director of the *exploitation* (the expression belongs to *L'Akcham*) communicated with all the stations, and ordered that not the smallest delay should be allowed to take place in the schedule of the service.

At twelve o'clock, the hour at which the strike was due to begin, the workers' delegate, Edhem Rouhi, realising that the affair had taken an unfavourable turn for his comrades, went to the director of the company and made a statement to the effect that the workmen already renounced their strike and begged to be allowed to re-enter the service.

Izzet Bey replied haughtily that it no longer depended upon his will to take them back, for they had been replaced by a new "personnel," who had even started work, as testified by the fact that all the boats were continuing their regular journeys.

Hearing this, certain mechanics attempted to penetrate by force into the boats that lay in harbour, but were prevented from doing so by the police. They were informed that the slightest resistance would be met by force. "Realising the gravity of the situation," says *L'Akcham*, "the workmen gave up further attempts."

What a simple solution of a modern problem in a New Republic, where labour has no organisation and no support ! Russia, looking at her Turkish brother through the frontier fence, opens wide eyes of astonishment.

Are these semi-starving Turkish workers dispirited ? Are they full of hate and rebellion ? Do they mean some day to win some of the privileges that their brother-workers enjoy in other countries ? Or do they bow their head submissively to the inevitable ?

INSHALLAH—if God wills.

## XVII

### BOSPHORUS REFLECTIONS

THE summer glory of the Bosphorus is already relegated to the realms of pre-war fable and legend. They have been written and described. There are many who recall the days. But some people who knew only the old have not seen the new conditions, others, like myself, have seen only the new.

Therapia is perhaps the most conspicuous and renowned of all the coast resorts on account of its summer embassies. It can also boast two hotels of gigantic proportions, and one in particular that enjoys a sort of Ritz Hotel prestige. It has a restaurant overlooking the sea, and a jazz band that plays at tea-time and at night.

One still reads and one still hears about the gaiety, the elegance, and the charm of Therapia summers. The moon, it is true, continues to reflect itself in the Bosphorus, and the sun still throws the



same shadows, but only these reflections and these shadows are the same Everything else has changed.

To-day it resembles a rather cheap English seaside resort in August, and every week there are three bank holidays: Friday is the Moslem day, Saturday is the Jew's, Sunday is the Christian's, and, of the three, Saturday is the least offensive!

During those days the road is thick with dust from innumerable Ford cars that are driven at full speed, overloaded with noisy, shouting people. All along the water's edge men, women, and children stand fishing for minnows with a line on the end of a long stick. Hired boats, rejoicing in the pretentious name of caique, but exactly like the boats on the Regent's Park lake in London, pass by, full of shirt-sleeved bourgeoisie and over-dressed houris of Levantine extraction.

The jazz band hotel is almost empty, and the Summer Palace has not opened at all this year Stagnation is written in the air, never was seen anything so drab and so dull. One would have been thankful for a continuation of the winter's lonely quietude, but the summer crowd arrived with all the persistence of its depressing, noisy cheerfulness.

How about those once splendid embassies ?

The Germans, it is true, still occupy their select and glorified Swiss chalet, which, from having been in the past the least elegant, is to-day, owing to the misfortunes of the others, promoted to the first rank. Their house is freshly painted, and stands on the outskirts of the village, with a certain isolated dignity within its garden gates.

The British have no summer embassy at all ; it was burned down some years ago, and nothing remains but a park and a tangled garden which serves as a playground for the children of those English business people who have taken lodgings in the village street. This summer<sup>1</sup> the British Ambassador and his wife have gone on holiday to England, and the embassy officials are living in a house that has been rented for them from a Greek, and to the balcony of which a flagstaff has been added, in case the Union Jack should require to be displayed.

Next to the forlorn little unused English church a desolate boathouse, with only half a roof, contains the remains of a once splendèd caique, carved and gilded, in which the Ambassadors of Great Britain used to be rowed by twelve picturesquely dressed

*caikdyi*. It now lies mouldering like a corpse in a broken mausoleum. Those who pass by along the road can see it through the window in the wall, and it is appropriately symbolic of the changed times.

The French Embassy was also burned, leaving, like the British, a handsome garden, but the chancery remained, a hideous house on the street front that used to be the colour of raw meat, until it was repainted recently the colour of a bad egg. Here the new Ambassador has taken up his temporary residence.

The Italians have a glorified Riviera villa that is hemmed in on either side, as well as at the back, by overlooking houses, and it also enjoys a street life.

The Americans have no summer residence at all. The Ambassador and his wife take up their quarters in the jazz-band hotel.

The once-proud Austro-Hungarian Embassy, with a really fine house on the outskirts of Yenikeuy, was rented as a summer embassy to the British during the last few years, but this summer it remains a white elephant upon the Hungarian Minister's hands. Hungary would like to sell it, but there is no one willing to buy. Constantinople is no longer

the capital. Nations that require embassies should build them at Angora. No one feels certain, however, that Angora will remain the capital. During the life of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, yes; but how long a life is his? And after?

Russia is richest of all in embassies. There is a newly built one at Angora, where the Soviet Ambassador is in permanent residence. The old embassy in the Grande Rue de Peré is converted into a gigantic consulate. The consul and his staff (the largest staff of any embassy, legation, or consulate in Turkey) are encamped for the summer in their ex-imperial palace at Buyukderey that stands inside the gates of a park that is seven kilometres in circumference.

If the condition in which these different embassies find themselves to-day is illustrative of the political relationship of those nations with the new Turkey, then apparently the Germans and the Russians are in first favour.

Not only officially and diplomatically, but in daily intercourse with the people, it is evident that the Russians are the least disliked of the foreign population.

Russians of all kinds, red, white and pink, abound in Constantinople. If one fails to make oneself

understood in any of the known languages among boatmen, workers, and peasants, Russian will invariably rescue the situation. The Russian is well known to be the traditional enemy of the Turk, and I have seen many traditional enmities among races, but never have I witnessed an enmity as fraternal as the Russo-Turkish enmity! The Turks' dislike of the British, their indifference to the Americans, and their contempt of the Italians are clearly obvious, but their friendly attitude towards the Russians is only to be compared with their respect for the Germans. The Turks do not forget that they owe Russia a debt of gratitude. The imperial enemies have become republican friends.

When, after the war, the Turks rose in revolt against their Anglo-subsidised Sultan, the Allies blockaded them in Anatolia; part of their territory was occupied by foreign armies, and so on. They seized the only extended hand like a drowning man. The Russians gave them all the assistance in their power, and that assistance was by no means negligible.

From that moment dates their sympathy, and every time the Angora Government is threatened from without the friendly relations of the two neighbours becomes more firmly cemented. This

friendship, however, is full of paradox The Turkish State, approving of Communism for Russia, has a horror of Communism for Turkey In spite of the personal friendship between the Turkish Government officials and the Russian Ambassador, the most severe espionage is conducted into Russian activities.

Whilst the Ghazi—before his marriage—was spending his evenings at the Russian Embassy, revelling in the lack of ceremony, the absence of etiquette, the equality, the freedom and abandon engendered by communistic principles that enabled him to dance and drink with the embassy housemaids, etc., three Turkish communists were being hanged in the same town for propaganda! When, later, Latifé Hanum, the President's wife, launched into an almost exaggerated friendship with the wife of the Russian Ambassador, so that no party in either house could be complete without the other, the Russian consul in her native town of Smyrna was being expelled for alleged communistic activities But these little incidents have not affected the cordiality that continues to reign between the representative individuals and their Governments. The interests of the two parties require that it should remain so.

As long as the question of Mosul is unsettled, the Russian intimacy remains valuable and necessary. In case of trouble, who could help Turkey except Russia? This Russo-Turkish courtship may be only a *marriage de convenance*, but so long as the *convenances* are expedient there is no likelihood of a divorce.

The German relationship is of quite another character. Germans are scattered conspicuously all over Turkey wherever there is the possibility of work.

Post-war Turkey is a veritable virgin soil for enterprise. There is not a branch—industrial, commercial or agricultural—that is not in need of reconstruction. The country is rich in mines; they need to be exploited. Railways and ports require to be constructed. Factories should be re-established. The soil is waiting to be planted. The Government expresses desire to encourage foreign capital. The Germans, who evidently consider it worth while, have not been slow to take advantage of British, French, and American lack of confidence. With the indefatigable industry of ants who immediately set to work to rebuild their scattered ant-heap, the Germans are in the midst of a prodigious effort to win back the place they

had in the Near East before the war Nor is it so very difficult, seeing that international competition is almost negligible, and that the present generation of Turks, having been brought up in the German school, are readily sympathetic.

(The amusing aspect of this German-Turkish relationship is the necessity of their intercourse in French For all their Germanisation, the Turks never fell beneath the spell of the German language.)

Turkey has readily become the dumping-ground for German goods The bazaars of Stamboul, Angora, and Broussa are laden with cheap German goods From dolls to locomotives—whatever Germany can, she is pouring into the country. Their representatives are everywhere, and always quick on the scent of a possible new venture. If it is a question of aeroplanes, Junker is on the spot If it is a matter of furnishing new railway material, Krupp is there If it is the construction of submarines, the agents of Vulcan are the first to present themselves. The ministerial and administrative buildings in the new capital are the execrable work of German architectural firms, they have also the concession for the canalisation of the whole of Constantinople



It is not merely the fact of their presence in hordes that is resuscitating them in the economic life of Turkey, it is also due to the great encouragement and backing that they receive from their own officials.

Every Friday there is a general meeting at the German embassy, where, after discussion and debate, it is decided which firms shall pursue or undertake such and such enterprise. The discipline and organisation, even in economic concerns, is such that up to date no two German firms have been seen competing for the same work.

In Constantinople there is a great club called "Teutonia," the meeting-place of all the business representatives, heads of firms, and commercial travellers and others. Upon their arrival they find all the indispensable detailed information concerning everything that has to do with Turkish affairs. This information is either directly supplied or controlled officially by the German Embassy.

Nevertheless, their efforts do not always result in a complete "walk-over." They failed completely in their attempt to monopolise the silk industry of Broussa. The factories have a French tradition, and the French foothold is still strong. It is, however, a rapidly deteriorating industry

owing partly to the departure of the skilled Christian workers, partly to Turkish incompetence, but chiefly to the competition of China. Whether the thoroughness of German methods would have revived and restored its flagging energy remains a matter of speculation. Time alone can justify the German enterprise. Certain it is that, if ever European confidence is re-established, the diffident Allies will find that whatever vacancies there might have been are filled.

The most officially unpopular people after the British, and less respected, are the Italians. Sensitive Angora declares that the Italian semblance of friendship is merely self-interest. (As if their other friends were not exactly the same!) The Italian interest, however, is obvious, unveiled, and undiplomatic. Mussolini's arrogance of tone and manner when it is imitated by his subordinates is intolerable, and Mussolini himself is responsible for the Turkish Government's mistrust. In a reverberating speech he said that the eyes of Italy should be turned towards the Orient. Angora considered these few words represented the whole political programme of Italy as regards Turkey.

Italy's tremendous birth-rate necessitates an overflow. North America and South America,

having at last closed their doors against this horde of emigrants, Tunisia and even France have had to close theirs as well. What country can be newer and more profitable, then, to colonise than Turkey? The Dictator, having spoken in Rome, his representatives re-echoed him in Turkey, and the frostiest diplomatic meeting resulted when the Italian credentials were presented to the Turkish President. Thereupon the Italian staff expressed itself contemptuously and inconsequently concerning the poverty of the capital and the miserable dwellings of the President and members of the Government. Haughty assurances were forthcoming that at no time would the Italian Ambassadors consider the project of residing at Angora. This attitude created a disastrous impression which does not cease to have its effect.

The French, on the contrary, score with their diplomacy. They have worked untiringly to repair their unpopularity of "Allied occupation" days. In Constantinople, for instance, the too-triumphant entry of General Franchet d'Esperey, and in Cilicia an ill-administered, mismanaged occupation turned the fury of the patriotic Turks against them. It has required much hard work on the part of French diplomacy to allay this animosity. Certain

things, however, have been in their favour. The French language, for instance, which is almost a second national language in Turkey Through cultural and intellectual methods France can more easily insinuate her influence Her schools have contributed by rendering themselves—if one dare to say so—indispensable. With admirable clairvoyance, and a tact that is undeniable, they have sent of their best It would be hard to meet more cultured or more charming people than some of the priests and nuns whom it has been my privilege to meet even in the remotest small towns in Asia Minor. They conform cheerfully to all the Government regulations. That is to say, no parade is made of cross and crucifix Religious teaching is suppressed. They live by the side of desecrated Christian cemeteries and ruined Christian churches and make no comment. They receive in open arms the children of the Moslem officials, and treat them without distinction of race or religion. Small wonder the French schools are patronised. They have no need to make propaganda, their presence is propaganda enough. Compare these methods (although comparisons are always odious) with those of the famous American Missionary College at Constantinople. The newspapers are repeatedly full

of their vexatious and irritating misdeeds. Every celebration day there seems to be some incident, and some professor is forced by the Turks to resign his college appointment and even to leave the country. The latest concerned some procession of pupils in which a donkey, with a fez upon its head, was labelled "The arrival at Robert College of a young Turk," or some such grotesque inscription, which naturally roused the Turks in revolt and continues to destroy the prestige of the college and of America as well. Not all the money that American missionary enthusiasts can subscribe, or the impressive grandeur of the college building, on its dominating Bosphorus height, can compete with the unobtrusive, unpretentious self-abnegation of the French religious schools.

French psychology has also a comprehensive perception of the value of personality. However the varying and ever-changing Governments may act or think, the individual representatives pursue a steady policy. During six years a French military officer, Colonel Mougin (since promoted to General) lived almost exclusively at Angora, sharing the Turkish standard of life, which more nearly resembled the camp life of a soldier behind the lines than the life of a diplomat in an Oriental

capital He represented the French premier, and yet he was not the official representative. He acted as Ambassador, he dealt direct between his own and the Turkish Government over the head of the Minister at Constantinople No one has ever before witnessed such an anomalous diplomatic position The Minister in Constantinople naturally resented him, and would not even bow to him in the street, but Angora made use of him and heaped him with privileges. He was the only foreigner who was allowed to retain his uniform, when every other foreign official was ordered to "*déshabille*"! "We could not recognise our Mougin unless he were in uniform!" is the remark that is attributed to Ismet Pasha Mougin's apparent simplicity, his patience and calm in the face of obstacles, helped to further French interests more than any treaty or official *entente*

The visits of Franklin Bouillon have been equally fraught with temporary results. He can accomplish in a few days a hundred things that official diplomacy might haggle over for months He brings to conclusive understandings problems that seem unsurmountable One might say the Turks can refuse him nothing He repairs, he restores, he consolidates Franco-Turkish relations. He

undermines—not deliberately or even consciously, but still he undermines—the chances of other nationals whose aloofness places them out of touch

Perhaps the British have no interest in being on friendly terms with Turkey, and perhaps France and Russia and Germany have I have no inclination to dive into that international sea of politics, for, even if I could swim, the Bosphorus currents are too strong and too complicated to be pleasant. They come surging in through the narrow entrance of the Black Sea, with the Russian wind, and the whirlpools extend as far as the Dardanelles

The political situations shift like the channels of the currents, and change position like the whirlpools The waters are deep.

## XVIII

### A CAPITAL IN A DESERT

ONE leaves Constantinople for Angora with set teeth and a grim determination to face all the discomforts that have been described. The discomforts seem to blind the average visitor, one hears of little else

The journey is a day and a night across the Anatolian plain. The first few hours carry one along the beautiful Riviera-like coast of the Gulf of Ismid.

At the end of the gulf the train stops for half an hour, and one has time to go down to the water's edge and contemplate, a short distance away, the historic Goeben, renamed *Yavuz*, lying idly in the shallow water. She is completely useless, that is to say, she is not even afloat. She was old when the World War happened, but the Turks, who attach a sentimental value to her, are negotiating with an Italian firm to restore her for the sum of ten million



Turkish pounds. (In a country where there is everything to reconstruct, and the budget deficit is sixteen millions, the repairing of an obsolete museum piece would seem to be a luxury !)

After Ismid the Anatolian plain is a desert, there is not one tree to the square mile, it is an arid plain of salt and bog land.

Awaking the next morning, one is astonished by the severe beauty of Angora, in the midst of the bleak, unfertile, undulating plain, a desert stronghold crowned by a mediæval citadel built upon a pinnacle of rock. Except for a very few offensive modern buildings, to which one resolutely shuts the eye, the ancient town of Ancyra is a harmony of colour. Houses of mellow mud cling desperately to the steep, rough surface of the mountain, cling tenaciously, as the people themselves cling to Angora with the knowledge that if this last stronghold fails the existence of the nation fails also.

It is strange that the new Turkish Republic, with its ultra-modern complex, should have established itself in the ancient capital of the Gauls, the oldest and most historical town in Anatolia.

After the Republic of the Gauls followed the domination, first of Macedonia, and then of Rome.

Here came the Athenians to meet Alexander the Gréat, to congratulate him upon his victories.

Angora looks upon the plain where Mithridates fought Pompey, and Bayazid was taken prisoner by Tamerlane.

It is the fortress of Bayazid that so nobly crowns the town, and that stands out in massive, violet relief against the sky at sunset. It was built hurriedly for defence, and one finds cemented into its massive walls the sculptured fragments that belong to the age of Greece and Rome. One wall surface displays a piece of frieze carved with the bull's head and swag, and below it, in large letters, the name of Axius placed upside down. Into this medley is woven a Roman funeral altar, and, strangest of all, four statues set in a line horizontally, their faces mutilated by the fanatical Moslem.

What the Byzantines left undestroyed the Turks completed.

There are white marble, fluted columns, half-hidden in a mud wall that surrounds a Turkish cemetery. There is an eighteenth-century mosque built of mud and supported on Greek columns the capitals of which are upside down. The Turks are quite indifferent as to the right way up of a capital, or whether it crowns a column or

forms a base. In front of the mosque half a dozen Roman funeral altars serve to support a crazy iron railing.

The streets are full of fragments. Almost every front door has its upturned marble capital, and every backyard contains a fallen column. There are marble lions of the Seljouk period that encumber the already narrow streets and are polished and shiny from the games of generations of children who ride on their backs.

The temple of Augustus contains the remains of a Byzantine church, as well as a Turkish cemetery. The marble carving of the frieze is finer than anything of its kind in Rome. The walls right and left of the great entrance are carved with the famous "*testament d'Auguste*" of which Livy speaks, and that had no contemporary proof until it was discovered in the temple at Angora by the French archæologist Perrot in 1861. This writing is completely unprotected, and is at the mercy of any one who wishes to knock a nail in the wall or chip off a souvenir. Weather and neglect are rapidly doing their best to obliterate what is left. The modern Turkish official, however, has no veneration for antiquity. His concern is with modernism. The treasures of Angora and the tradition of former



A SELJOUK " STREET LION " AT ANGORA

civilisations (which Turks have done more to destroy than to preserve) are not held in esteem.

There has, however, been an effort on the part of the Government to institute a museum, for it is part of the new Turkish complex to demonstrate its modernism by outward signs of Occidental culture, and it is part of the culture of Occidentals to indulge in museums.

The site selected is the topmost tower of the citadel, quite regardless of the fact that from the Temple of Augustus to the top of the citadel is a steep climb, and that the removal of heavy stones was almost doomed to failure. The museum was rapidly filled with bric-à-brac. It contains ignoble rubbish that might easily be spurned by even a back-street antiquary. And the big things that have value are still lying about, in the streets that lead to the citadel, in the haphazard positions in which they were left when their removal was abandoned.

On the rocky, rough-hewn steps at the summit are three or four massive lions reposing at random, and a white-marble figure, seated and headless, the joy of the small children of the vicinity, who use it as a target for their catapults.

It is only fair to add that these antiquities lying

about in the open impress one infinitely more than if one looked at them in the cold precincts of a formal museum collection. Instead of the stern printed warning not to touch, it is the Turkish child's privilege to have it for his own, this street lion

And as for posterity—well, who cares?

Fortunately the Turkish Government is poor, and its poverty is the salvation of Angora, for whatever has been done in five years has been done as crudely and as conspicuously as possible. Whenever there is a chance of erecting an ugly German building on the most beautiful site, it is done. At all costs the Turks must prove that they are modern. It is modern to erect three-storeyed villas with bright red roofs, and these are being done at intervals, slowly. Nor can one be modern without schools, and these have been built side by side, the one for boys, the other for girls, all square and white like a gigantic dairy decorated with crude, blue tiles. They stand touchingly close together, as befits their names—Latîfê Hanum and Mustapha Kemal Pasha<sup>1</sup>—and are big, white, glaring blots of Teutonism against the mellow mud-colour of the oldest part of the town.

<sup>1</sup> Since this writing a divorce has taken place, and one wonders whether the school for girls will change its name.



It is modern to have streets and there is one, and more will follow when the State has money. At present few houses can be approached except by foot, picking one's way from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, and at night with an electric torch to help one through the unlighted streets. Accordingly, everywhere there are donkeys, for they are sure-footed among the boulders and can carry burdens where even a handcart could not pass.

It is curious that, although the hills immediately surrounding the town contain stone-quarries (and these are being blasted from morning till night), hardly anything seems to be built of stone. The streets are composed of gabled houses, all of mud. Mud is a speciality of Angora, there is plenty of it, and one supposes it is cheap.

If I had to live in Angora I would build me a house, of my own design, all of mud.

As there is a mosque built of mud which dates back to the eighteenth century one must suppose that the mud of Angora has a durable quality.

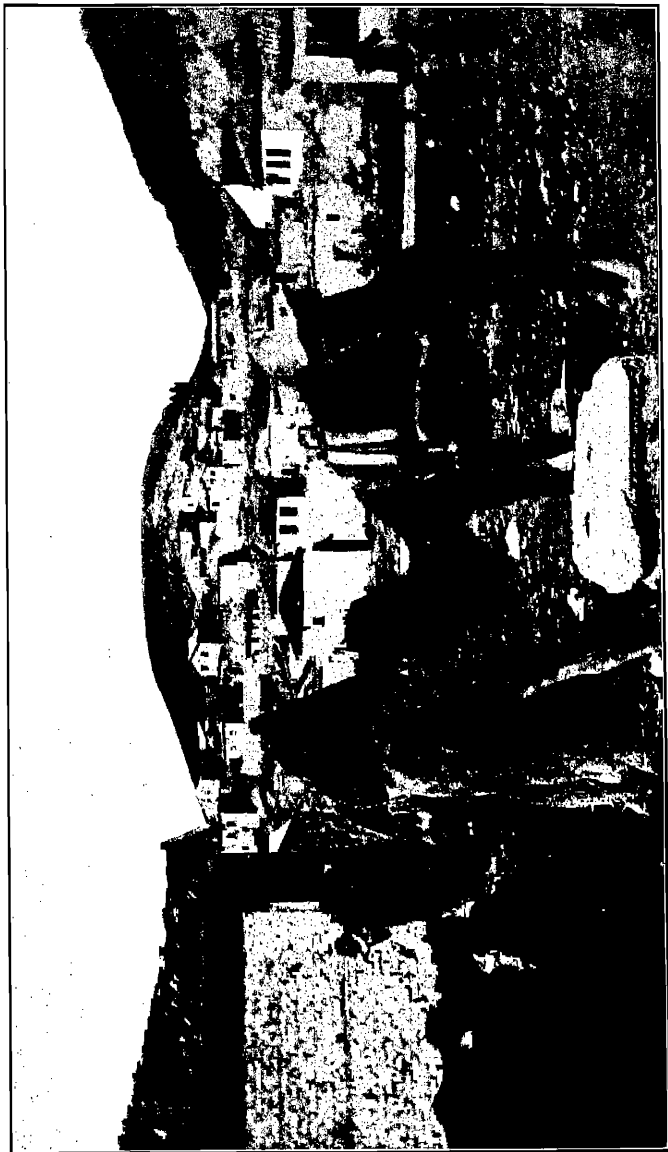
It is amusing to stop and watch the building of a house. It looks so easy. A small boy makes wet mud-balls and tosses them up to the man on the ladder, who flattens them in between the laths of a matchwood frame.



Such was the house of a Foreign Office official whose guest I was. Wherever a nail had been knocked into the wall of my room the whitewash had flaked off and revealed the bare, grey mud bristling with straws!

These conditions seem to impress the foreign journalist and diplomat above all else. They are appalled by the poverty and the primitiveness of the Turkish capital. They are blinded to all that is interesting or beautiful. They are not even refreshed by the simplicity. The Turks, whose standard of life it represents, and who in their hearts are far more at home here than in Constantinople, have, owing to the European attitude, contrived to make of Angora an object of virtue to themselves. In order not to appear too satisfied with conditions which the Europeans so vociferously condemn, they cunningly and very truly attribute the selection of this mid-desert capital to the necessity of security from the aggression of the European Powers. The primitiveness they attribute to State poverty, and everyone pats himself and each other on the back for so heroically enduring Asiatic discomforts for the sake of the glorious, new, young Republic!

The National Assembly building, however, is



ANGORA

anything but Asiatic. It is the first building one sees as one drives from the station along a new road. It is built in modern German style, of stone, with blue tiles inlaid, and consists of a large room, full of desks row upon row. These are double desks, so that the members of the Assembly sit in pairs. The President of the Chamber, on a platform, looks very severe and rings a large, swinging ship's bell at intervals. The effect is of a school for adults. It is, in fact, a school, for the discipline is most severe, and whoever dares to disagree or disobey gets into serious trouble. There is a small group of "opposition," but they are almost ostracised, and few people have the courage even to greet them in the street. New Turkey, for all its would-be modernism and would-be Occidentalism, has adopted a parliamentary system in form only, without the principle. There is no tolerance of free speech, and no appreciation of the value of opposition.

I was privileged to travel with two hundred Ministers, deputies, and bureaucrats, for eight hours, on the occasion of the inauguration of the new railway line: Angora—Sivas. Our decorated and triumphant train received ovations at every station. It was a real Turkish day, full of Turkish

flags, and the Turks were as happy as children, because they said they had built something all by themselves in the face of foreigners who believed them incapable of doing anything.

As a matter of fact, the line had not reached Sivas; it hoped to do so in three years' time. Meanwhile it had got as far as Yak-Chihane, a distance of ninety kilometres along a pre-war, German-engineered road, upon which they only had to lay the rails (imported from Germany), and this had taken two years to accomplish.

It was here that Ismet Pasha made a speech. He turned his head and waved his hand towards the east, and, the only comprehensible word to me was "Turks!" amid a roar of applause.

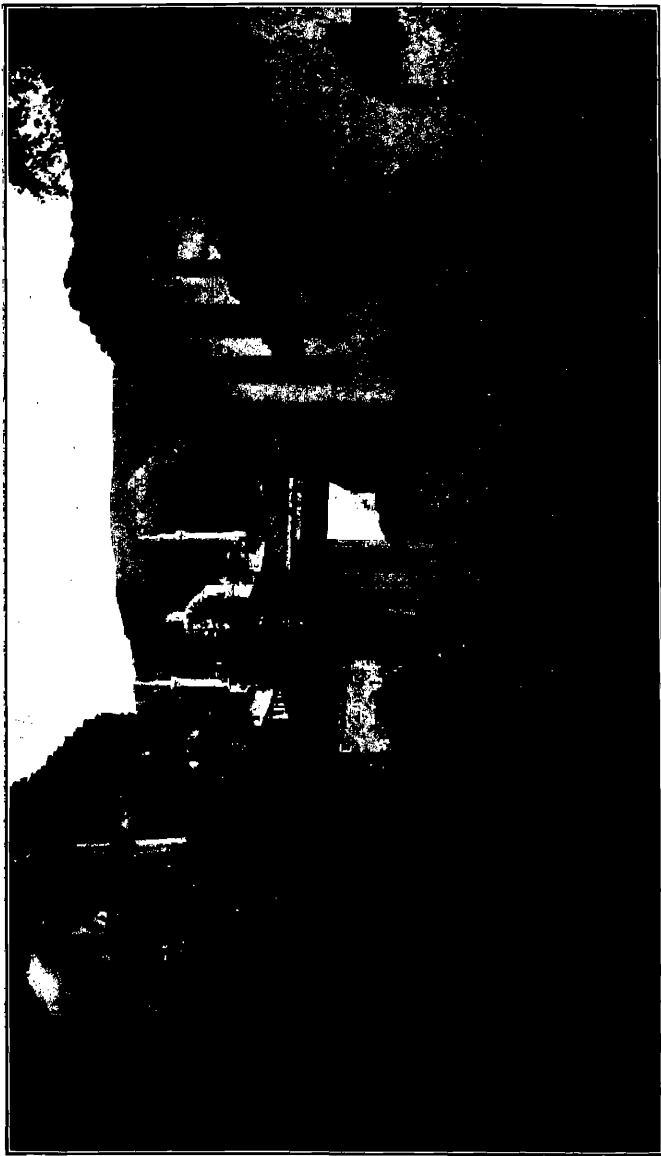
The land we traversed was a veritable desert; it could not have kept a flock of goats alive.

The train was held up at intervals by groups of workmen and officials intent upon the sacrifice of sheep.

These animals, with their gilded horns and red and white ribbons, suffered death by having their throats cut in front of the wheels of the great German-made locomotive.

Angora is Turkey, and Turkey is still Asia!

The camel caravans thread their way across the plains, carrying their burdens of salt packed upon saddles of orange and red, and at sunset, when the windows reflect the golden glow, the capital seems to be on fire. Then the citadel is a sombre and defiant mass, and all that is Turkey modern seems to vanish into mist.



A STREET IN BROUSSA

## XIX

### A CITY OF FOUNTAINS

COMPARED with the cosmopolitanism of Constantinople and the aridity of Angora, Broussa is an enchantment.

It is essentially Turkish, old-world, and unspoiled. A city beloved in the yesterday of long ago by the Empress Théodora. The Byzantine citadel, however, is a hopeless ruin. There remain fragments of walls, built of tremendous blocks, but otherwise nothing.

Broussa is a city Turkish in design. That is to say, the houses are a mixture of English Tudor and Swiss chalet, of old grey wood, unpainted and unvarnished, with long, low, tiled roofs that seem to be more purple than red as they nestle among their trees in the most fertile valley of Anatolia.

Broussa is an hour by motor or by train from Mudania, and stands on sloping ground at the foot of the Turkish Mount Olympus.

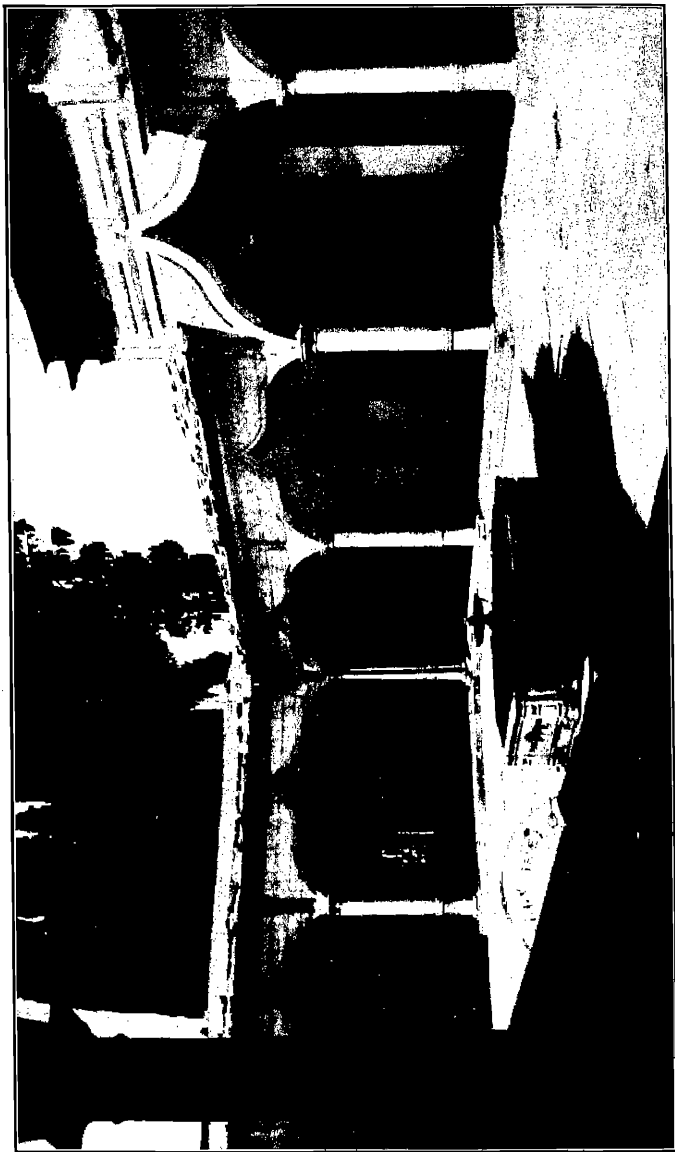
Every house, even in the narrowest street, has its fig-tree overhanging its garden wall, or an acacia. Everywhere where four streets meet there is a plane-tree, older and larger than any plane one has seen anywhere. Their great, bare, white, shiny limbs extend a welcome shade to the fountains of marble and coloured porcelain, where water is always running.

Everywhere in Broussa there is the sound of running water. All the fountains in the streets, all the fountains in the courtyards of the mosques, never cease to flow with water.

The Mosque Buyuk-Djami, in the centre of the town, although destitute of all æsthetic value, has inestimable charm from the fact that it contains a great carved marble basin, waist high, full to the brim and containing goldfish. From four tiers of basins one hears the song of water falling. There are water-taps all round the outer edge, which enable the faithful to do their ablutions inside the mosque instead of in the courtyard.

The running water obliterates all sound of the world without, and is especially conducive to concentration and meditation. Old, white-turbaned *hodjas* sit cross-legged on their prayer-carpets intoning the Koran.





COURTYARD OF THE MOSQUE OF EMIR SOLTHAN AT BROUSSA

One hesitates to enter at prayer-time, and, seeing that I stood respectfully in the doorway, an old pilgrim who had been to Mecca invited me to enter. He would accept no protests and no head-shakes. I had to take off my shoes and allow him to lead me into the body of the mosque.

There are few tourists in Broussa and no Levantines, and so the people have not learned to despise foreigners. They are, in fact, rather pleased when one ventures into their most Turkish midst. The people of Broussa are noted for their courtesy to strangers.

The life of the town centres in the mosque courtyards. The perfume-venders are established in one; and at night, when the stalls are cleared away, the empty darkness is still fragrant. But these are not Oriental perfumes that they sell. Turkey makes none. Amber is unprocurable, and the Egyptians are not as alert in the matter of shipments as the Europeans, with their "ideals" and their "bouquets."

One can find all the scents of the Rue de la Paix in the courtyards at Broussa.

The town is full of mosques—and each one has its peculiarity. The Green Mosque is famous.

Most people think that there is nothing else to be seen in Broussa. Each carved marble window differs from the other and is surrounded by a design of turquoise-blue tiles that looks like a jewelled frame. I call them blue, although the world calls them green. They are not green at all, they are pure turquoise. The ravages of earthquakes have done much to destroy the outer part, the minarets which once glistened with flowered Kutaya faïences have entirely disappeared, and most inadequately, new brick minarets stand in their place. The colonnade is no more, but within it is still lined with the exquisite old tiles.

The sunset from the terrace is very beautiful, and it is habitual for the inhabitants to congregate there every evening to take their coffee and watch the changing colours on the plain. But I preferred the humbler, less-frequented mosques, which, although modern, have an atmosphere of calm serenity that is the companion of solitude.

My favourite was Emir Solthan. It has a cloistered courtyard, marble-paved, and in the middle the usual carved marble basin and fountain. Opposite the entrance to the mosque is the *turbé*, and through the windows one can see the tombs. Veiled women, draped, nun-like, in black, kiss the



TURKISH WOMEN GATHER TO GOSSIP IN THE CEMETERY OF EMIR SOLTHAN AT BROUSSA

*turbé* bars, murmur a prayer, and make a wish as they pass by.

At sunset a crimson after-glow illumines the iron grating of this cloister window, and against the crimson is the black silhouette of a distant cypress, and the carved stone turban of a *hodja's* grave.

There are a famous group of mausoleums, the burial-places of Sultans, contained in a shady garden known as Muradié.

They vary considerably. Most of them are devoid of taste, but there is one that is a poem. Sultan Murad ordered that his *turbé* should be open to the sky so that the rain of Heaven should fall upon his grave, and so one sees the coffin-shaped tomb open and full of brown earth, in which fresh, green, tender grasses grow, glistening with water-drops. One feels that here life has survived ; there is no death.

A marble colonnade surrounds the interior, and each column has for base a Roman capital. The effect is so harmonious that one can but ask oneself why it is habitual that a column should rise up to, instead of springing from, a capital.

Outside in the tangled, untended garden, full of roses, cypress-trees, and fountains, a few carved

tombstones impart a sense of profound tranquillity. One feels that the old, turbaned guardians who sit and somnolently finger their beads in the shadow of a columned entrance have become philosophers from prolonged meditation. Unfortunately, as they speak but Turkish, one cannot ask them the nature of the soliloquy that has been so carelessly interrupted. But one of them was actually aroused from his reflections into picking roses for me.

Fountains and roses, mellow sounds and colours, the scent and the shadow of cypress-trees—that is my remembrance of Broussa. And everywhere smiling faces and courteous manners, as though the harmony of the setting had influenced the manners of men.

Broussa has the individuality of a beautiful old person who has retired from the noisy world to dream on the past with exquisite melancholy in a quiet place.

To be noisy or loud-spoken would be irreverent and disturb her dreams. Rather should one walk on tiptoe and speak in subdued tones, for, if she is not dreaming—maybe she sleeps.



STREET LEADING TO THE CEMETERY OF EMIR SOLTHAN,  
BROUSSA

AN OLD TOWN WITH NEW  
INHABITANTS

APOLONIA is a little Greek fishing-village on the lake of Apolonia, dating back to the days when Apollo was a patron god. It is two and a half hours by motor from Broussa. The road, built by a French concession before the war, is surprisingly good and full of charm. One may be inconveniently delayed by flocks of sheep that are being led to their pastures by shepherds carrying the proverbial shepherd's crook, and who look, some of them, like turbaned brigands, others like tattered John the Baptists. At intervals along the road one passes men and women cleaning out the ditches. The women pause in their work to draw their veils across their faces. Some of them squat hurriedly upon the ground, with their backs turned resolutely, not even the notorious feminine curiosity will move them to turn and look at the passing car.



Most of the peasant women wear a pale-blue cotton robe that drapes them from head to foot, Madonna-like, and when they ride on donkeys, carrying babies in arms, one seems to be witnessing a continual flight into Egypt

After crossing the River Lunifer by an old fourteenth-century stone bridge (which happily had not attracted unto itself the attention of the Minister of Public Works, who ruined its sister at Angora) our car overtook an archaic procession. Men, bent and tired, women dusty and veiled, were limping alongside the half-dead donkeys that were laden with trunks and crying babies, and all the surplus that could not be contained in the covered ox-wagon. They were some of the exchanged populations arriving from no one knows where, and going towards some distant village that had been indicated to them, and that probably would prove to be a mere mass of ruins when they get there—a people who doubtless were happy where they were; Moslems who know nothing of their native Turkey, and who cannot even speak the language, to replace Greeks who care nothing for Greece—victims of a political vendetta of which they are the unwilling instruments.

One cannot travel through the Anatolian



A SHEPHERD ON THE ROAD TO APOLONIA

country-side without having political problems blown with the dust into one's eyes

The procession on the road was a mere preface to the climax that awaited us at Apolonia.

This little town, viewed from a distance, looked like an island in the lake, a harmony of colour and beauty in the shimmering sunlight

It revealed itself, on arrival, to be merely an empty shell. The front, with its picturesque habitations and its solid stone tower inscribed to the glory of Trajan, formed a screen which hid houses that were skeletons. The narrow streets were littered with rubble and ruin. Men and children flocked around the car on our arrival, and shouted "Welcome." Not a single woman was in their midst. Their veiled heads appeared cautiously at the windows.

Our party, with the exception of myself, was entirely French, consisting of the brothers Laudet (who had recently acquired the concession of the electrification of Broussa) and some of the personnel of the new company.

The sudden arrival of so many foreigners created an unusual stir. The head man of the village presented himself, and with his friends offered to show us round. A youth who had served in the

French Foreign Legion came forward as interpreter. It was explained that the chaos and dilapidation we beheld was the result of the exchange of populations. Eight hundred Greeks (the number seemed to me to be very much underestimated) had been returned to Greece, leaving only sixty Turkish inhabitants. In order to replace the departed Greeks two hundred Moslems had been sent from Salonica. These were the people who received us, and who were strangers themselves to the town they were showing.

They complained bitterly of the new conditions. Apolonia and the lake-fishing was hardly a fair exchange for Salonica and the rich sea-fishing. Besides, they found no possible habitations in this village of decay and dilapidation. After showing us the ruins, and a most interesting Roman mosaic beneath a crumbling house, we were taken up to the cypress grove on the hilltop, where a few rugged tombstones were lost in a wilderness of purple iris. We were being shown by the newcomers the graves of the forefathers of those who had left. Looking down from the height, between the columns of the two great sentinel cypress-trees, the beautiful little town in the shining lake seemed to be smiling through its tears.



APOLONIA

But these people were not by any means among the most unfortunate of the refugees. At least they had been appointed to the fertile part of Anatolia. Thousands of others are being forced to settle on stony, arid soil in the desert villages towards Angora, where they are intended, not only to till, but to repopulate the waste regions, where malaria is responsible for seventy-five per cent of the infant mortality.

Turkey's chief problem is her devastated population

I have seen the sites of villages where not one stone remains standing on the other. The Greeks, maddened by their expulsion from a land that was theirs centuries before it was conquered by the Turk, burn and level whatever they are obliged to leave.

The newcomers, after their long and painful trek, are thus confronted by a mass of rubble as representing the village which is to be theirs. One finds them in temporary shelters—mere caves or huts—struggling valiantly to re-create. They have been promised, in compensation for what they have left, a proportionate share of the property of the departed Greeks, but if a house of value has escaped destruction the Turks on the spot have taken possession of it before the exchanged Turk

can arrive, or else it has been requisitioned by the Government for its own use. In the small fertile area that is accessible by motor-car from Mudania or Broussa one passes through acres of olive-trees, vines, and mulberries, overgrown, untended, and abandoned. These were the Greek properties that have not yet been redistributed. In any case, the mulberry-tree is worth a great deal less since China became a silk competitor and the vine is nearly obsolete since the Turkish Government ruled that the country should be "dry."

Perhaps the new people will conceive of something more remunerative to plant in their place. Meanwhile it would be interesting to compare the arrival of the Greeks into Greece, and to know if they fare as piteously as the Moslems who take their place.

In Mudania the Greeks were replaced by Moslems from Crete, who could not speak a word of anything but Greek. Among them were some rich Cretan families, with all their household goods. When they saw the primitiveness of Mudania, and discovered that the best of the houses were already in the hands of the Turkish officials, so great was their outcry that they were granted permission to leave.

Old Anatolian peasants have lamented to me the departure of their Greek neighbours, whose capacity for work they admired.

One wonders what ultimate gain will result from an experiment based upon such human suffering, what fortune awaits the future offspring of this soil that is watered with such tears of anguish.



## THE BLACK SEA COAST

## ZONGOULDAK

THE Black Sea ports from Constantinople to the Russian frontier reveal above all else the richness of the land and the poverty of the people.

These ports, which are the most important in Turkey's commercial life (since Smyrna burned), are at the mercy of wind and weather. With the exception of Zongouldak not one of them has a harbour or a railway. Steamers have been known to lie at anchor for a week without being able to establish contact with the shore, and finally to steam away without unloading the precious provisions which a meagre population on a fertile soil are unable to produce sufficiently for themselves. They trust to luck and to the mercy of Allah that on the ship's return journey the weather will enable the debarkation to take place.

This primitive state of affairs would not surprise

anyone if vociferous Turkish slogans about "modernism," etc, had not misled one from the start.

It is true that the State has no money, and is not likely to have any, and, although the Government calls aloud for foreign capital, those foreigners who are adventurous enough to undertake any work do so under the most discouraging difficulties. The Turks readily blame the foreign Powers in the past, and especially the hated "Capitulations," for not allowing them to improve their own conditions. The reply, however, is that they have, up to the present, proved themselves incapable of using or preserving even that which others have done for them, and which they have inherited.

The coal-mines of Zongouldak were exploited by the French Héraclée Company before the war, and whatever modernism the little town can boast, is due entirely to that company's pre-war initiative.

The French have built a harbour wall and a railway that passes through the main street and connects the quay with the coal-mines in the hills.

The landscape is covered with white villas

standing in white-walled gardens full of flowers, with little stone-paved walks connecting them. These are the houses of the French colony.

The Turkish authorities complain that the company employs too many French technicians. Turkish technicians, however, are non-existent.

The development of the mines is hampered by the need of ordinary workers. Turks there are not in sufficient numbers, and foreigners are not allowed to be employed.

The head engineer, in order to take me to the pit head, ordered a special train! The distance was only three kilometres, and the "special" consisted of an engine and one coach that had iron bars instead of windows, and picturesque, bright-coloured *killims* on the hard wooden benches and under one's feet. On the way a workman stopped our special and boarded it. The Frenchman's impotent indignation was amusing, the officials, however, have no controlling power over the workers, and in this case as the engine-driver was a Turk he naturally stopped at the request of his Turkish brother-worker.

At the terminus we found ourselves in the midst of hills, where trees were still vivid green, and there was no apparent trace of coal-mining.

An aerial system brought coal in great buckets from the neighbouring mine in the mountains and it was being discharged at this point by miners who seemed to be turbaned and bearded bundles of rags.

My guide complained that these miners did not avail themselves of the baths that had been instituted for their benefit, it was quite evident, however, that if once they removed their rags they would never know which way to put them on again.

Their food consists of a kind of cake made of the flour of maize, mixed with a little water, warmed over a small fire, and flattened between two stones. Occasionally they buy a raw onion as a great luxury, and eat it entire, from its green tip to its white bulb. Some bring a bundle of flour from the farm, and succeed in living during their three months at the mine without spending anything at all on food. The Laze, who comes from the Georgian Turkish frontier and is of a different race, has a higher standard of living, and is therefore stronger and has more staying power.

The Anatolians cannot be induced to remain more than three months at the mine. At the end of that time, having received one lira a day (the

equivalent of 2s. 6d), and having spent hardly anything on food, they return to their farms and live for the remaining nine months on their earnings of three. During his absence the miner's several wives and all his children have worked the farm. It is not at all expensive, as might be imagined, to have more than one wife, on the contrary, each wife represents an unpaid farm-hand who earns her keep.

The mine company provides housing for these temporary workers; that is to say, a series of wooden barracks are placed at their disposal, fitted with wide wooden shelves on which six men in a row can lie down to sleep. This they do without undressing, and without blanket or pillow.

I did see a man sitting up on the shelf, stripped to the waist, engaged in picking insects off his rags. Apparently when conditions get so bad as to be uncomfortable clothes are removed and war is waged, but no life is ever taken. The Musulman, who may have assisted at Christian massacres, picks the insects up daintily between his forefinger and thumb and gently places them next to him on the shelf.

When summer comes, and there is not sufficient

air in the barracks, windows and doors are smashed in order to save the bother of opening them. Every autumn these have to be newly replaced by the company.

In a country so full of Christian ruins I was surprised to find a convent school. It was subsidised by the company for the children of the employers, but in spite of its semi-private nature it was obliged to submit to official inspection. No crucifix, religious picture, or Christian symbol was allowed in any except the superior's private room. Under these conditions only are the religious schools allowed to function. But the Turks, much as they despise the Christian symbol, are quick to take advantage of the opportunity of education that the religious schools afford. Even the *vahs* of such reactionary towns as Broussa send their daughters to the nuns, and in places where there are no schools, or where the convents and monasteries have been driven out, there is much lamentation among the Turkish *élite* on account of the great loss for their children.

At Zongouldak the nuns had a hospital as well, for the use of the workers and the officials of the mine. Its spotless white condition was an object of amazement even to the Turkish doctors. Here,

too, the same conditions prevailed as at the school. The walls were denuded of all religious emblems. The only crucifix displayed was that of ivory, which these Franciscan nuns, all dressed in white, wore upon their breasts. There was one nun, so tall and young and beautiful, that she might have stepped out of *The Miracle*. She nursed in the casualty ward, where five or six rugged Anatolian miners lay between white sheets for the first time in their lives, with faces of perfect bliss, and the young nun looked like a white lily in their midst.

In vivid contrast to the Turkish women, hidden behind opaque black veils, are these, whose white veils symbolise the self-abnegation that is visioned in their faces. There could be no subtler form of Christian propaganda

This small Turkish port, the first one on the route from Constantinople, remains mirrored in my mind as a little isolated outpost of civilisation.

### INÉBOLİ

Inébolı lies on the sea-shore between two hills, and its scattered houses extend right and left and high up among the hilly woods. The giant barges

are secured with heavy chains to one another and to the rocks, to save them from the depredations of a violent and capricious open sea. Who would suppose that this primitive, unimpressive village had once played a large part in the history of the Turkish nation?

At the time when the port of Haïdar-Pasha and the Anatolia—Baghdad railway-line were controlled by the British, when Smyrna and Broussa were in the hands of the Greeks, when Cilicia was occupied by the French, and the Turks were isolated in the heart of Anatolia, Inéboli was the only outlet to the sea. It was linked to Angora by a road that could carry heavy convoys.

All arms, ammunition, war material, and provisions were smuggled through this port. During a brief interval the prosperity and importance of Inéboli heightened its prestige. Such a hive of activity had not been seen since Roman days. But there is no trace of Rome except a few solid walls, and even Inéboli modern has again relapsed into lethargy.

Her activity is confined now to the export of a few eggs. They are packed in cases in the village street; one cannot be sure if the packing-cases or the eggs are the more important industry. The



freshest eggs are sent to Marseilles, the second best are for Constantinople. Some planks are exported, which the peasants steal from the State forests, but the State is helpless in the matter.

They claim to send 10,000 tons of apples every year to Egypt

High up on the mountain crest, half-lost in the clouds, stands a monastery, which, on the 15th day of every August, the feast of the Holy Mary, was accustomed to offer hospitality to two hundred pilgrims during fifteen days. To-day it stands empty—ruined.

### SAMSOUN

Samsoun is the most important, and the only ugly, port on the Black Sea. It looks naked, treeless, unshaded, unfriendly. It was built by the Turks on the sloping lowlands, alongside the magnificent tableland which is the site of Amisus, the city of Mithridates. Lucullus laid siege to this town, conquered it, sacked it, and razed it to the ground. It never was rebuilt, one still finds traces of the foundations and occasional cisterns, and one can imagine what excavation could reveal.

To-day it is a waste, uneven plateau, overgrown

with borage and daisies and a peculiar small grey thistle that pricks one uncomfortably as one walks. The caravans of camels are let loose there to graze, like herds of cattle, and they make a fantastic frieze outlined against the sea.

Later, the Seljouks, the Turkish tribe that preceded the Osmanlis, rebuilt Samsoun. In true Turkish fashion, thinking they knew better than the ancients, they selected, instead of the old site, the lowlands, which have since proved to be a moving soil that is slowly sliding towards the sea. Many houses have had to be abandoned, others manifest daily larger and larger cracks. The Roman Catholic church, which is situated well in the centre of the town, is propped with scaffolding, its days are numbered. Nor has the town any water. Nevertheless, this is the most important Turkish trading-centre—*sans* port, *sans* railway, *sans* water, and *sans* stable soil.

It abounds with American tobacco merchants. The flat, open, sunburnt plains and hills which stretch as far as the eye can see are "tobacco-grown." Opium is another important export, and raw hides, and rice. These products arrive in great bales along every road from the interior by camel caravan, and also in primitive, disk-wheeled

chariots drawn by bison. These are of the same design as the two-wheeled chariots that figure in Greek marble reliefs, the same, in fact, that featured in the famous retreat across Anatolia of Xenophon's Ten Thousand

These chariot-wheels creak and shriek and groan and moan, each in a different key. It is said that a peasant girl can recognise the approach of her lover by the sound of his chariot-wheels even though he be miles away and accompanied by other chariots. It is a weird and uncanny music when heard collectively for the first time, but it is one of the characteristic sounds of the Near East.

I heard it most dramatically for the first time, as I stood in the midst of the shadeless plain on the outskirts of the town surveying an odious scene. The Roman Catholic cemetery had been converted into the city's refuse-heap. Not a monument remained. Every stone had been dispersed, the tombs emptied and profaned; the walls that once surrounded it were completely destroyed. Hardly could one set foot upon the sacred ground without being soiled. Even for one who is not sentimentally religious something gripped the throat. This desecration had been in gradual process for three years; it was not the

passionate, insensate act of war madness. One hesitates, however, to describe that which may be read by those to whom some tomb is dear, and whose ignorance of the facts may save them from pain. The Roman Catholic cemetery, however, was not the only scene of desecration. Near by, with its high wall carefully preserved, the Greek cemetery, far larger, had been ploughed up, and through the gate, ajar, one beheld the young tobacco plantation. In the centre stood the ruined mortuary chapel. The wall which could not protect the dead can now protect the plants.

A caravan of disk-wheeled chariots passed up the hill in the shadow of the wall, and the sound of their massed, uncanny music added an almost unbelievable fantasy to the drama. I closed my eyes and imagined that I heard the protests of the desecrated dead. The Turkish peasants paused in their work and looked at me with their dull, expressionless faces.

I went in search of Père M—— the Superior of the Missions of the Black Sea. I found him in his little house next to the Roman Catholic Church. He listened to me, and fixed upon me eyes of deepest sorrow.

“ You have seen it ? ” he said, as if any further words from him on the subject would be futile. I asked him why he had not protested, or why some foreign consul had not intervened. The only consul in the town, however, was the Italian (the others had their headquarters at Trébizond), and the Italian combined with his consular duties some commercial agency which he feared to compromise

Later, in reply to my letter on the subject, a personal friend, Youssouf Hikmet Bey, the Director of the Political Department at Angora, returned me eight pages of justification. He cited among other cases, which he seemed to consider parallel, the actions of the French Revolutionists when they disinterred the bodies of the kings and queens of France. He reviewed the recent history of Turkey, the struggle of the New Republic to exist in spite of the efforts of the big Christian Powers. He finally excused acts of madness committed in the heat of war and revolution. I therefore sent him a copy of the following letter, which the Head of the Capucin Mission of the Black Sea had addressed to the Vali of Samsoun. It was the last of many letters, for there had been several *valis*, and not one of them had

ever acknowledged his repeated entreaties. It makes clear a list of profanations that began in 1922 and proceeded up to 1925, the date of writing

“Mission des RR. PP. Capucins,

“Samsoun (Turquie).

“Copie du Takrir remis à

“S. E. le Gouverneur de Samsoun

“*Le 27 Juin, 1925.*

“EXCELLENCE,—Malgré toutes les démarches faites auprès des Autorités compétentes en son temps et lieu, j'ai le triste devoir de porter à votre connaissance, que l'œuvre de démolition, vol, et viol de notre cimetière catholique de Samsoun, où reposent nos morts de plusieurs générations et de toutes les nationalités, est aujourd'hui accomplie

“Veuillez le faire constater il ne reste plus rien. Monuments, tombes, cadavres, ossements profanés, brisés, dispersés, portail en fer, murs de 0,75 d'épaisseur et de 3 mètres de hauteur, simplement disparus.

“Veuillez aussi noter, Excellence, que cette devastation n'a pas été faite en un jour de fureur populaire, ou au passage de quelque armée en débandade, mais lentement et progressivement.

" Voyez en 1922, on troue les murs, on brise quelques monuments, on arrache les croix et les arbres.

" En 1923, on commence à démolir les murs, on vole le grand portail en fer

" En 1924, on détruit tout les monuments, on ouvre les tombes, on profane les cadavres et on apporte les ordures de la ville par charrettes.

" En 1925, on démolit entièrement les murs d'enceinte, en emportant tout le matériel, on détruit en outre, ce qui est très significatif, le tronçon de pavé conduisant à la porte de notre cimetière.

" Pour que mon silence ne puisse être interprété comme une acceptation de fait accompli (ce que même en voulant, je ne pourrai faire, n'étant que le préposé de ce lieu, que la civilisation respecte), je me vois contraint de proclamer bien haut le contraire.

" En même temps, je me permets de vous demander, Excellence, où pourrions-nous mettre les ossements qui restent encore, soit épars soit encore sous terre, et qui appartiennent aux pères, mères, fils, frères disparus de familles turques, françaises, italiennes, allemandes, anglaises, autrichiennes, etc , etc , qui voudraient

disposer des dépouilles de leurs chers selon le droit humanitaire, et du terrain, acquis en propre moyennant argent, selon les règles qui régissent les cimetières.

"En fin, je serai reconnaissant à Votre Excellence, si elle voudrait bien me dire, dans le cas où un étranger catholique venait à mourir, où je pourrai l'enterrer.

"Veuillez, etc.,

"LE SUPÉRIEUR DES MISSIONS DE LA MER NOIRE."

(To which, as to all the others before it, there was still no answer.)

### ORDU

At Ordu the ship remained only for two hours, but that is all the time that is necessary ! The town is purely commercial and only twenty years old. It has no beauty except that of background. The mountains are green with luxuriant nut-trees that grow up to the very summits.

Nuts are the great export of the district. There is a street that consists of nut-cracking houses ! That is to say, the nuts are brought in quantities from the surrounding country and cracked mechanically before they are exported to Marseilles.



The husks supply the townsfolk with fuel at a low price. Bakers bake their bread in ovens of nut husks.

The nut millionaires of Ordu, however, were feeling rather poor this year ; their effort to corner the nut harvest and raise the world price had failed (Ordu presuming to control a world price How comic !) It is true they succeeded in sending up the price of nougat, but the foreign market left Ordu with its prohibitively priced nuts on its merchant's hands, thus proving that the world could manage to live without nuts. Even if the price of nougat became unreasonable, would it not be possible to live without that also ?

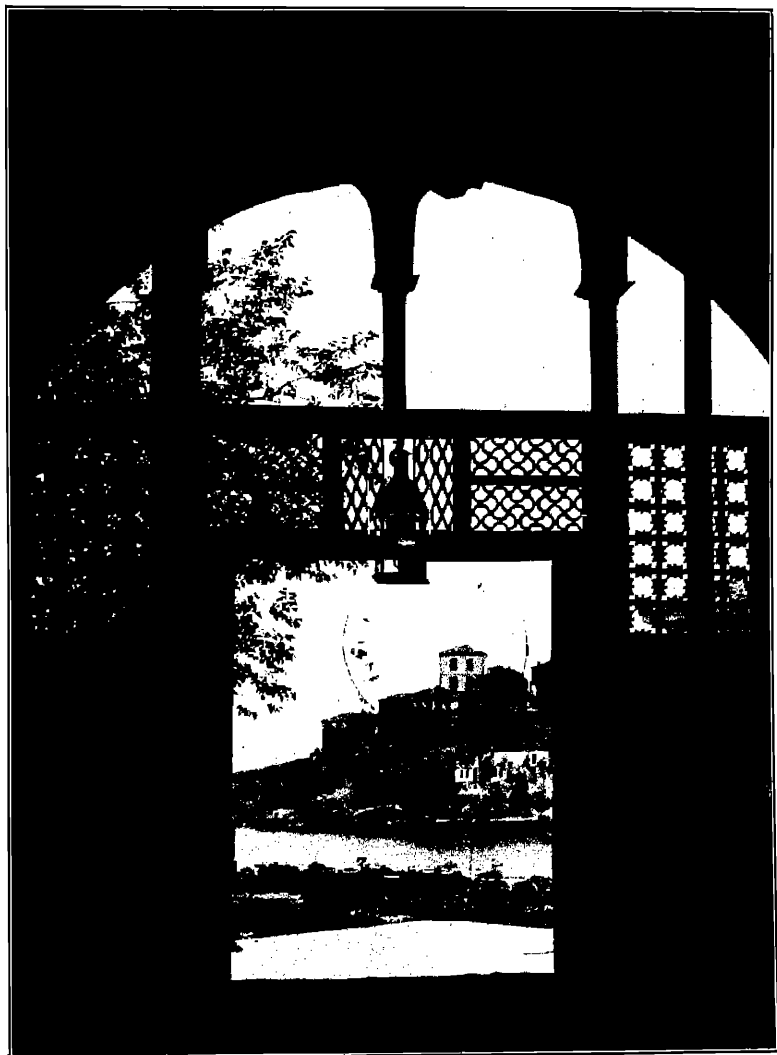
An upper floor of one of the nut-cracking houses had been given over to wool, and women were busy separating the black and the white hairs. They sat on the floor in little groups, veiled, of course, and doubtless their veils saved them from inhaling hairs. They seemed very much agitated by the invasion of their attic by a heap of people, mostly men, some of them in uniform. One judged as best one could of their agitation without being able to see their faces. I went and stood close to them, and beckoned to one of my male companions to join me, in order to see the effect

No sooner was a man standing close to them than the shapeless mounds of rugged stripes and cotton checks became suddenly animated. It seemed as if large bundles of dirty washing suddenly came to life and began to crawl away to squat in a farther corner, more bundly than ever with their backs stolidly opposed to us (or what one presumed to be their backs). They created in one a mischievous desire to tease them that was almost irresistible.

The Vali, however, led off the party to the market-place, where he had something very special to show to foreign visitors. Recently he had designed an erection of wooden posts supporting a roof, to shelter the market produce on a rainy day. It was the sort of shelter that one sees in every English farmyard. But this roofed space seemed to be something new in Qrdu. It was a matter of great congratulation. Everyone looked solemnly at the roof, and then at the Vali, and then shook him warmly by the hand and told him he was just the sort of Vali that the Turkish people had been looking for !

#### KÉRASONDE

Khérasus of the Romans ! What beauty and tradition is conjured by your name !



KÉRASONDE FROM THE DOORWAY OF A MOSQUE

Exquisite city nestling around an acropolis that once was crowned by a Roman citadel ! What harmony of outline, what dignity and charm are contained in the halo of an historic past, and a contemplative present

Kérasonde stands out in the sea on a rocky promontory. The selection of its site proves once again the genius of its founders. The more one sees of Roman colonisation the more one respects the vanished Empire. All that is brutal and oppressive in the modern significance of the word "Imperialism" has faded from our memory, leaving in its place traces of unrivalled grandeur and efficiency. One might even urge the people of to-day to "trust the Romans—for they knew best." This is proved by almost every trace we have of them, and the poor descendants on this land of a vanished civilisation have been incapable of transmitting or imitating. They seem to have been content to live upon Roman remains without attempting to preserve them, until, disrepair having evolved the grandeur into ruin, the ruin was accelerated by the removal of the Roman stones for new and inferior constructions.

It was 6 a.m. when the ship dropped anchor before Kérasonde, and less than an hour later I was climbing up the steep and stony path, composed of steps at intervals, that led between the gardened houses to the topmost acropolis.

The ground on the height was a mossy turf, such as one had not seen even on the Bosphorus. It reminded one of an English lawn. It was sparkling with early morning dew which made one homesick for the fresh early mornings of June at home.

Of the Roman citadel nothing remained except a few solid walls built of immovable blocks, here and there some steps carved in the rock, and a deep cistern. The position of this promontory, surrounded by water on three sides, creates two natural harbours, to which the Romans added a harbour wall, whose submerged remains, visible in the transparent sea below, one could see from the height.

I sat upon a rock and ruminated upon the illusive quality of civilisations. The past would seem to prove there is no progression. Great forward movements have merely resulted in a falling back into barbarism.

Turkey, for instance, the final conqueror of

these Roman conquests, is in this twentieth century crying aloud for all the advantages that Rome had once bestowed. Her people, unable to accomplish anything themselves, have not so far been successful in getting others to do anything for her.

Probably the generations of the world to come will contemplate the traces of British accomplishment in modern Egypt, in India, in a hundred places where to-day British imperialism is anathema, and will marvel at the energy and the efficiency of a once-great British Empire which conferred benefits of civilisation upon peoples destined to relapse into the lethargy of their racial incompetency. . . .

At Kérasonde the stones seem to speak, they relate the stories of the past. They tell of the arrival of Xenophon, the literary General, and of the famous Ten Thousand in their retreat across Anatolia to the very region on the Black Sea coast that is comprised between Khérasus and Trépisus (Kérasonde and Trébizonde). Legend insists that the name of the town is derived from *kéras* (cherry), and that the abundance of the fruit imposed its name. Lucullus is supposed to have imported the first cherry-tree to Rome from here. But, search as one will, one searches in vain to-day for cherry trees in Kérasonde. I shade my eyes and behold

Aretias, like a floating island, in the shiny, sparkling, sun-reflecting sea. It is not less beautiful because it has been renamed Adassı. It was on this rocky island that two Amazonian queens, Otrere and Antiope, built their temples to the war god Mars, and the Argonauts paused here on their way towards the Golden Fleece.

The vision is dispelled—noisy humans have arrived upon the scene. The sun is high; the day no more belongs exclusively to dreams.

The sloping road that leads down from the acropolis encircles the promontory, and leads one among unexpected places, but always along the rocky edge, with its endless view.

One passes by well-built houses, marvellously situated, with terraced gardens and old stone steps enframed by gnarled fig-trees. The houses are deserted; the gardens are silent; everything is in process of decay. These are the properties of Christians who have been driven out ("exchanged"). Where, one asks, are those who should replace them?

Wherever there were Christians there are ruins. Every shrine, every chapel, every church upon the way, is reduced to a mere mass of rubble. The

number of these ruins suggests that this has been exclusively a Christian city. After a while one becomes hardened by a surfeit of desecrations; details become absorbed in a general impression that retains merely a retrospective sadness.

At Kérasonde, however, my vision of kaleidoscopic ruins was blurred by a scene that remains finally imprinted upon my memory, not only as a picture, but as a poem too.

The end of the road led down to a mosque which stands on a rocky emplacement by the water's edge, built upon the site of an early Christian church, and upon the massive foundations of a pre-Roman temple.

I stood back in the darkness amid the sacred stillness and looked through the old carved wood screen that faced the entrance: Kérasonde was like a faded Italian mediæval picture enframed against vivid blue.

### TRÉBIZOND

It was in a rough sea that we anchored some distance from the town and experienced the conditions which are liable at any moment and in all seasons to beset Turkey's trading ports.

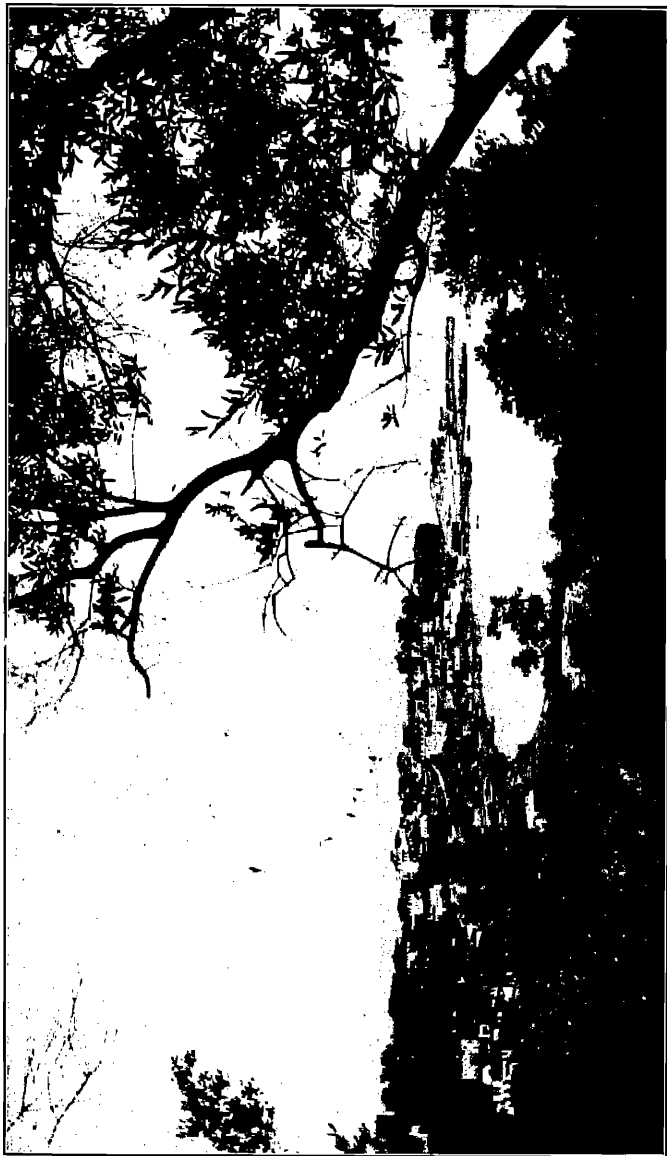
Broad-breasted barges, looking like the swans of  
NR



some Scandinavian myth, were piled high with merchandise which could not be transferred to the steamer.

A small launch daringly came alongside, containing various officials from the town, who, at great personal risk, had come to greet General Mougin, the French diplomatic representative, who was on board. The General, after six years spent almost exclusively at Angora, had at last been relieved by an Ambassador, and this was his farewell trip. As he and I were both equally resolved to go ashore, he invited me to accompany him. Owing to the swell, however, this was extremely difficult, it required both agility and foresight. One had to wait for the crest of the wave to carry the launch up to the gangway, and then leap quickly. Each of the party in turn managed it successfully except the Chief of Police. He was the last, and, instead of waiting for the rhythmic sea movement, he jumped at random, and landed half in and half out of the boat and broke two ribs. There ensued an exciting race towards land. We tried to keep ahead of the big rolling swells or top them before they broke. It was impossible to come alongside the little wooden jetty. We hovered for some time in view of the assembled populace and of the guard of

TRÉBIZOND



honour that awaited the French general's arrival. Finally abandoning all hopes of a ceremonious landing, so dear to the Oriental official, we allowed ourselves to be carried by a huge wave, which, amid shrill cries of alarm from our Turkish sailors, deposited us like a nutshell upon the beach

The guard of honour simultaneously took to its heels and ran as fast as it could down to the water's edge, where it breathlessly re-formed. Fishermen rushed waist-deep into the water and gestured that they would carry us ashore. I waved them aside, and waited for the sea's receding movement, which enabled me to jump on to clear sand. The General, behind me, however, jumped into the oncoming wave, and waded ashore in his elegant uniform

In this dripping condition, and with all the dignity befitting the occasion, he returned the salute of the guard of honour, whose solemn faces never betrayed their half-hour's entertainment

Trébizonde has the same aspect of a mediæval Mediterranean town that characterises Kérasonde. It is built upon the steep slopes of a table-land, with its feet on a rocky promontory. One might almost

say that they are twin sisters They give one no feeling whatever of being in Asia.

It was in 1204 that Alexis Commène transformed Trébizonde into the capital of the small Greek Empire which lasted half a century. It was a toy empire, created probably to please his baby wife, the little French princess daughter of Louis VII, whom he married when she was only nine years old The historians of that time and place, however, are not expansive, one hears only vaguely of the drama that was enacted within those grim Byzantine castle walls. Alexis was assassinated by his brother, who then took his empire and his wife These bare facts require few words to fire the imagination.

To-day the Castle of Alexis is marked by three vaulted windows, which stand alone conspicuously and insistently I like to think they are the windows of the dramatic room—windows through which the little wistful daughter of France gazed westwards, and that because they are necessary to enframe her ghost they alone stand up among the ruins.

Trébizonde is full of Byzantine remains and of domed Basilicas A few churches have survived; some are converted into mosques, others are gipsy



EARLY CHRISTIAN CARVING ON THE FAÇADE OF "LITTLE" STA. SOFIA OF TRÉBIZOND

dwellings, but the most modern of all (the Armenian Catholic church), that dominates the centre of the town, and which at the time of my visit was still surmounted by the cross, was doing duty as a camel caravanserai. The floor was soft to the tread from accumulated dung. As Napoleon stabled his horses in the most beautiful church in Moscow, it is perhaps more logical to pass on hurriedly without comment!

When the Russians occupied the town in 1916 they began extensive works for the reversion from mosque of the Church of Santa Irène. They had unearthed the columns and details of a dismembered monument belonging to the tomb of its founder, but before the work was far advanced the revolution intervened, "and," say the Turks in triumph, "we were in time to stop all that!"

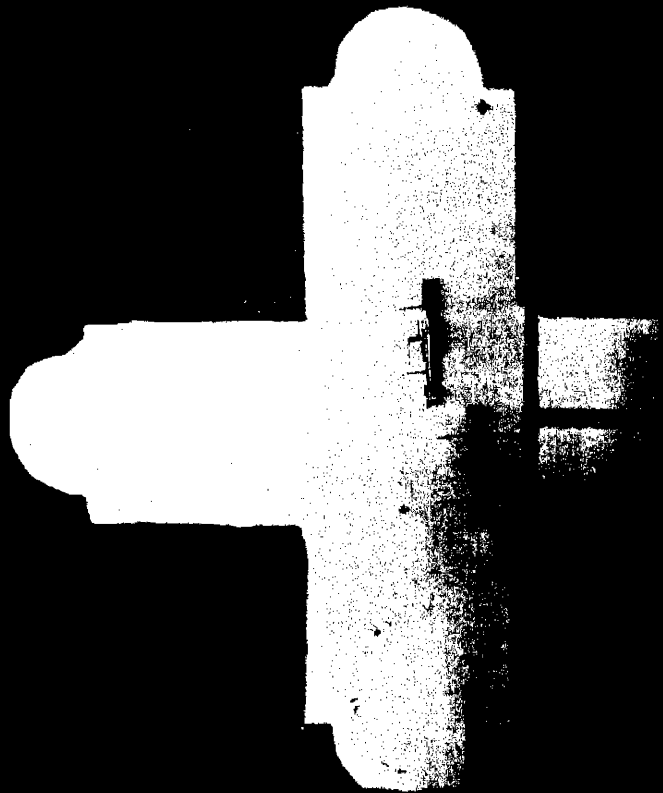
The jewel of Trébizond is Santa Sofia, by the seashore outside the town. It is smaller, but far more beautiful, and of the same date as the Santa Sofia of Constantinople. It contains the remains of early thirteenth-century frescoes. These have, however, been chipped by hammer and chisel out of all recognition. This destruction is deliberate, irremediable, and complete. A beautiful marble and mosaic floor is deteriorating rapidly. There

are two great porphyry columns surmounted by exquisitely carved Byzantine capitals. One of these columns for ever weeps. The cause has defied all scientific explanation. Throughout the driest summer it still continues. My visit coincided with a burning-hot day, and the column was mysteriously streaming.

Primitive, early Christian carvings decorate the arched space over the main doorway. They appear to be older than the main building, and are supposed to have been taken from an earlier monument.

A few yards away stands the belfry, the interior of which is also frescoed. Owing to the absence of a stairway these frescoes have remained out of reach of destruction and are comparatively well preserved.

The atmosphere of melancholy by which it is enshrouded is accentuated by the sound of the sea breaking on the shore below. The surrounding burial-ground has become a tobacco plantation, but the shy and veiled peasants fade away at one's approach and do not disturb the soothing loneliness. If I had to live in Trébizonde I would spend most of my days in this exquisite place with the mellow beauty of Santa Sofia and the view of the open sea and the long, winding shore, along which



WINDOW OF A CAVE SHRINE CARVED OUT OF THE ROCK AT TRÉBIZOND



the eye can travel endlessly like a bird that hovers but never alights.

The interior condition of Santa Sofia, however, has had the effect of a rude first shock which prepares one for whatever is to follow.

A walk through the cypress-avenued Greek cemetery—in which, as usual, the tombstones are broken, the monuments overturned, the mausoleums looted, and human bones lying among fragments of marble carving and iron railing—leads one to the cave shrines. These are high up on the rocky cliff, and are reached by steep, exterior stairways.

At the entrance of one of these caves, an open coffin-shaped hollow in the ground indicates that the dwelling of some saintly hermit had become his tomb, and a sacred centre of pilgrimage.

Windows in the shape of a crucifix are cut out of the solid wall of rock and help to illumine the vaulted, frescoed interior. There are two layers of frescoes, the later ones having been painted over those of a much earlier date. Here again, as at Santa Sofia, hammer and chisel have systematically broken the surface and completed a destruction that is beyond any possibility of future restoration.

The implacability of Turkish hate against everything that is Christian in Trébizond is accounted for by the fact that this was the centre of a Greek Church movement to revive the famous kingdom of the fourth century B.C., the kingdom of the Pontus. The contemporary kingdom was to have the Metropolitan Patriarch at its head. With this end in view, and—according to the Turks—encouraged in their ambition by various European diplomats, the Greek clergy organised a number of convents, monasteries, and churches to 'serve as pioneers of the intended secession movements. Consequently, after the Greek war, every Orthodox monk and nun was expelled from this region. There is a valley where deserted convents lie dotted upon the green background like white, sun-bleached skeletons.

The monastery that overlooks the town, however, would seem to have been abandoned but yesterday. The rooms are still in perfect order. The panelled ceilings, the fireplaces, even the cupboards and the bookshelves, are intact. The belfry and the cloister, the terraced garden full of wild flowers, and a big, white, empty tomb in the shadow of the olive-tree, make one almost in love with the monastic life.



TRÉBIZOND VIEWED FROM THE EMPTY CONVENT GARDEN

The chapel, which is far older than the monastery, is a cave carved out of the rocky hillside, and, like every other chapel, it is a ruin. The monument of a Georgian king is flung face downwards on the ground. The frescoed walls of the Middle Ages, like all the rest, have been obliterated. Every halo surmounts a defaced saint. Every eye has been transformed into a gaping hole.

In a little vaulted alcove, decorated with a painting of the Nativity, the Holy Babe has been literally scooped out of the wall surface.

The Turks with whom I discussed these vandalisms have sought to refute my criticisms by pointing triumphantly to the iconoclasm of Oliver Cromwell and the Reformation. This, however, seems irrelevant unless Turkey claims that her state of evolution is that of England in the seventeenth century. As a matter of fact, the present year according to the Moslem calendar is 1343, and in most respects Turkey's development is backward when compared to that date of the Christian era.

One has but to turn away from the Trébizond of mutilated monuments to contemplate the modern and commercial Trébizond, which exposes conditions reminiscent of the "dark ages," and makes

one despair of Turkey's ability to construct, to reconstruct, or to preserve.

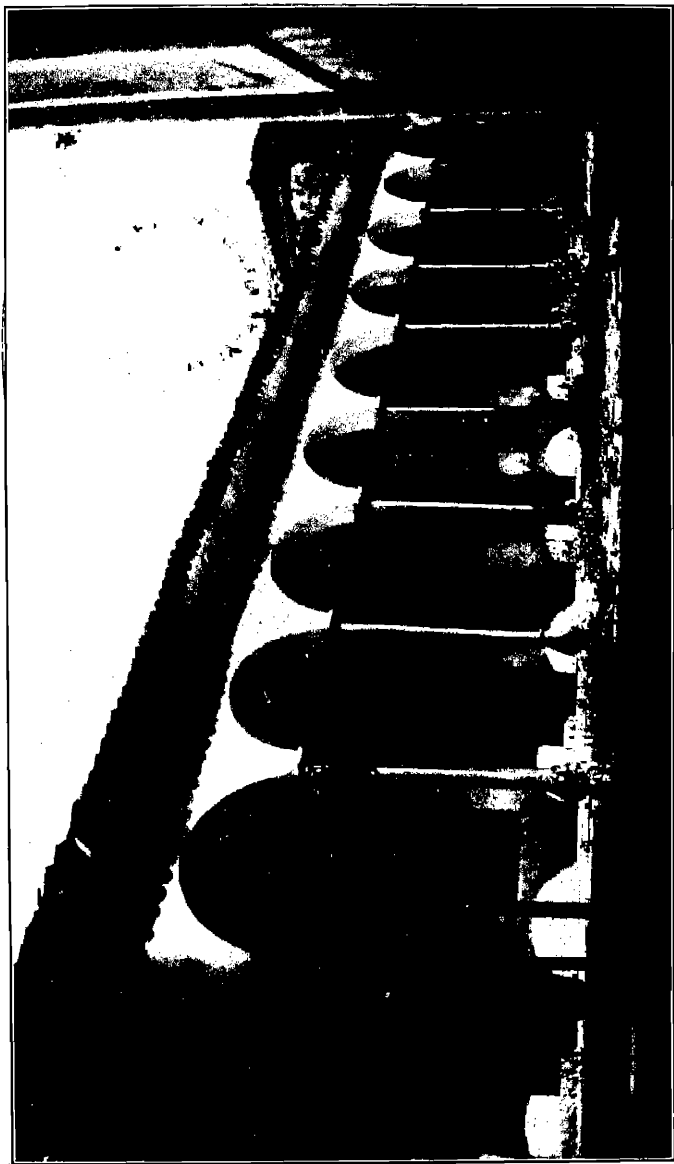
For instance, the best roads in the town avowedly date back to the Russian occupation of 1916; they are wide and well constructed, but obviously unrepaired.

The hastily built harbour wall is also Russian, but the Turkish officials, rather than avail themselves of its humble protection, prefer the risky and uncomfortable landing on the open shore that was my initiating experience.

More important than the harbour wall is a narrow-gauge railway that the Russians built along the valley to Erzerum.

The locomotives stand in a long, rusty row on the sea's edge. They were delivered new from the United States shortly before the Russian evacuation, but the Turks have never attempted to make use of them, nor of the railway line, in spite of the crying need. Everything from the interior has to come along that road, but is brought by every other available means: by camel, horse, and mule, by ox-wagon and chariot. Even the post is brought on foot by runners.

On arrival at the town these camels and their bales of Persian carpets, the chariot-loads as well



CLOISTER OF THE EMPTY CONVENT AT TRÉBIZOND



as the bison—everything in fact, including men—he pell-mell upon the sea-shore, awaiting the passing ship.

To a Western observer it seems almost impossible that so primitive a state can exist in the hard, competitive world of to-day. But the Turkish nation will doubtless continue to exist, for the simple reason that her people have none of the requirements that force others into the competitive market. Turkey needs no money. The people can subsist—and prefer to—as they did centuries ago, and as they can for centuries to come, depositing their camel-loads upon the beach! The little sums that are repaid by these humble exports more than satisfy them. Even the Turkish individual of education demands no luxuries. When I suggested that British capital might build the harbours and the quays, the railways and the roads that are blatantly required, the answer was: “British capital is always accompanied by British bayonets—and we prefer to live without them!”

The Anglo-Saxon may feel an instinctive pity for any people who are denied the advantages of modern Anglo-Saxonism, but the Oriental in his



heart thanks Allah that he is not as Anglo-Saxons are !

### Rizé

A Turk who once went to Rizé told me that he said jestingly · " It is so lovely, I wonder the Czar does not take it "

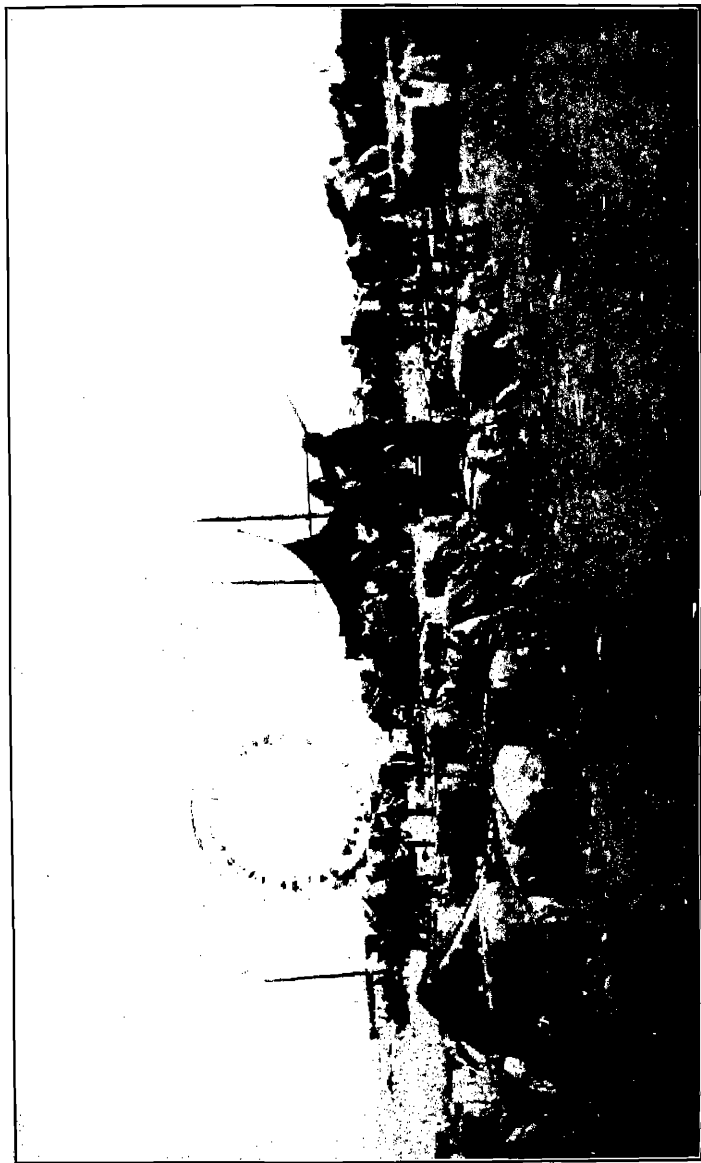
A month later the Czar had taken it !

During the war the Russians occupied the whole coast as far as Trébizond, and they called Rizé the " Little Yalta."

I saw it under conditions that were certainly not normal, but savoured rather of comic opera. The cause was the French General's visit.

He was received with a triumphal arch and flags, soldiers, police, schoolchildren, orphans, songs, flowers, and a band.

As we rowed towards the pier six huge barges, manned with six oars and by twelve oarsmen, bore down in a straight line upon us, then turned and escorted us to the landing-stage. There were cheers, and hand-clapping, and shouts of "*Vive la France*," and a diminutive scholar presented me with a large bouquet, mistaking me for the General's wife !



TUBACCO BALES WAITING FOR A SHIP AT RIZÉ



From that moment I was included in the official reception. We were led ceremoniously to the Konak, where coffee was served and the local officials were presented.

From the moment of landing one realised this was no ordinary small sleepy Turkish town, it was vibrant with activity. There were weirdly architected new buildings, freshly painted, a newly-laid-out public garden and a marvellously contrived fountain of cement and sea-shells; an Assembly House surmounted by coloured iron flowers, walks edged with large white stones, and railings and flower-pots of vivid crimson

Rizé's holiday look was not entirely due to the French General's visit, it had a more permanent aspect. The explanation was not long in forthcoming. all this activity and construction were due to their Vali Hourchit Bey, a most exceptional man, hatchet-faced, black-eyed, full of imagination, energy, ambition, and iron determination. This man is an instance of what a *vali* can accomplish. He also proves how much the people are at their mercy. Most of the *valis* I have seen are lethargic, wooden-faced, ignorant, prejudiced, and pompous, and quite indifferent to the welfare of the

community. Hourchit Bey was a revelation. His reputation locally was quite fantastic. The population were intensely proud of him, and he afforded all that the townsfolk required in the way of entertainment.

He was known to have assembled masses of workmen, including prisoners, and to have built a pier in a day and a night. The Assembly House was built in a week. He said, "Let there be a public garden, a fountain, and a quayside walk," and it all happened immediately.

The town was electrically lit by an old motor machine that the Russians left behind, and which the *vah* had extricated from the sand and mended. A library had just been finished, and a movie theatre was in process of construction. The people never knew overnight what transformation would greet their eyes in the morning.

Two years before there were two schools between Rızé and the Russian frontier; now there are a hundred and fifty-six. As for the police reports, they had recorded 3,000 murders a year on account of the habitual vengeance and reprisal, and the vendetta that was traditional between the families. This number had been reduced to a mere negligible normal dozen, as in other countries.

The prisoners he put to work on parole, without guards, and not one had ever been known to attempt escape.

There may be some further explanations to make clear the possibility of the *vah's* intensive initiative. the people with whom he works are not Turks. This is the province of Lazistan, and the Laze are Moslems of Georgian race. They are tall, fierce, armed to the teeth, traditional corsairs, and have a capacity to fight and a capacity to work. It is probable that Hourchit Bey, with all the determination in the world, would have been unable to accomplish with Turkish workers what he has been able to with the assistance of the Laze.

The aim of my journey (the background of a novel) was to see a manganese mine, and I found it just outside the town, on the steep, luxuriant slopes of a pretty, fertile valley. Here and there were tunnels like giant rabbit-burrows, which represented the small concession of an Englishman.

A solemn procession of officials and "lads of the village," undaunted by the fierce heat of midday, followed me with obvious curiosity, and

stood around in oppressive silence while I interviewed the English director. He took me into a tunnel (the only cool place that day) and showed me the walls of glistening manganese. The whole country is rich in metal, but requires capital for exploitation, and foreign capital is very shy.

That evening, as the foreign visitors rowed back to the ship after a banquet that had rendered one somnolently silent, there were fireworks and illuminations, and Rize had all the appearance of a little French Casino town. Suddenly all the lights went out three times, with a lighted interval of a few seconds. This salutation was for General Mougin, and our ship blew its siren three times in reply. A barge full of local musicians then proceeded to make the night reverberate with weird Oriental discords.

### KHOPÉ

I had been told at Trébizonde not to bother to go ashore at Khopé, that it was a mere village of ten houses. This was true. The village looked like a toy on the shingle of the sea-shore, and when I saw its impudent size I asked why a 7,000-ton ship should bother to call there!



KHOPÉ: BALES OF TOBACCO BEING BROUGHT DOWN TO THE BEACH ON PACK HORSES





The commerce of Khopé, however, was greater than that of Rizé. During twelve hours the ship never ceased to load and unload. Caravans of weary horses arrived from over the mountain laden with bales of tobacco. Cases of provisions were unloaded from the ship until the beach was piled high. These provisions were not only for Khopé, but for the inland towns as well. This is the last port of call, and I wondered what the people did who depended upon these imports, and who, during a prolonged storm, watch the ship steam away without having been able to unload.

In honour of General Mougin a banquet was given in the village street under a mimosa-tree. The local officials as well as the local magnates were invited, and the ship's captain and officers.

I forget how many courses there were, but I remember three differently served chickens. It was a silent, intense meal, and everyone ate of everything twice, except the General and myself, and our hosts feared that we were ill when, after the fifth course, we declared ourselves replete.

We were waited on at table by corsairs in high Russian boots and astrakhan *kalpaks*, who until  
OK

recently had been pirates and contraband smugglers. They were tall, with slim hips like the Caucasians, and refined, narrow faces

Afterwards I asked to be shown a peasant house. I wanted, for the sake of comparison, to see the living conditions of the Laze. The big, two-storeyed stone houses that stood in orange- and tangerine-groves, amid pomegranate- and mimosa-trees, might have been the summer dwellings of the bourgeoisie. I was assured, however, that the peasants lived in these. I was received in one by the veiled ladies of the house, who let fall their veils when we were safely alone together, sipping coffee in the living-room. The walls were hung with mellow carpets from Russian Turkestan, and the furniture was carved Russian Louis XVI upholstered in faded silk. These people who live so tastefully are small proprietors whose fruit export is their fortune. There are no smaller, poorer houses. A kindly climate, combined with their individual industry, is responsible for their prosperity. What percentage could be added to that prosperity by the building of roads, railway, and port one can only imagine.

Near Kars, on soil that before the war was Russian (inland from Khopé thirty kilometres),

the German firm of Simons has secured the concession of a great copper-mine. One hundred and fifty German families are settled on this spot, and five hundred local workmen are employed. The copper has to be melted, and sent down to Khopé in bullion, packed on horseback. Occasional Dutch steamers deposit a German coke order on the beach, and the horses that bring the copper return with coke.

The Germans are a practical people, and they were quick to see that in Lazistan they could live and work amid an intelligent and workmanlike people, where there would be none of the difficulties that hamper the French Héraclée coal-mine company at Zongouldak. The Germans, I am told, have in view the project of building a railway from the mountain mine to the port, which shows that they have come to stay.

Before the war the Russian frontier was two kilometres away from Khopé. A white stone post still marks the spot. It stands like a memorial to the past amid a few ruined guard-houses on the lonely shore. When the Russian Revolution disintegrated the army, and the Bolsheviks had to make peace at any price, the Turks took advantage of

the situation to push the frontier line twelve kilometres farther along to the village of Sarp, and it was then that the intensely Russian town of Kars remained on the Turkish side. But for the Greek War and the occupation of the Allies, etc., the Turks would have pressed for Batoum, and undoubtedly they could have got it. Russia was helpless at the time, and the Germans, one remembers, had marched their army into the Don. The Turks are still smarting with the recollection of lost possibilities. What the "self-determination" of the people themselves would be if they were asked to choose between Communistic Russia or Nationalistic Turkey it is hard to tell. No doubt there are propertyed Georgians within the twelve new Russian kilometres who are congratulating themselves upon having so narrowly escaped communistic requisition.

But the village of Sarp, which is cut in two by a small rivulet that has become the frontier, is the best proof of the people's reasoning. Turkish Sarp has 900 inhabitants, and Russian Sarp has 600, but all the Christian Georgians who found themselves on the Turkish side have crossed the river into Russia.

## CIVILISATION REVEALED

THE Ghazi has made a journey !

The Turkish newspapers are full of his voyage. He has travelled from Angora to Inéboli, along the self-same road that was so important for the transport of munitions during the Allied occupation and Greek War. A negligible journey, to an insignificant end, if one who has seen Inéboli may judge. But " the streets " (there are two so-called) were hung with flags, and the Ghazi made a speech. One thousand people have heard him, and thousands more have read him.

He has urged the people to prove their right to a place among civilised nations by adopting the apparel of the hitherto despised *giaour*. The hat was the emblem of the *giaour*—that is to say, of the Christian—and the Turk has always proudly maintained his fez, in order that there should be no possibility of mistaken identity. No one can

foretell the effect of the Ghazı's speech. But the Governor of Constantinople has already sent for the leading hatters of the town and forbidden a rise in the price of hats. The Turkish people are easily led; and they owe to their Ghazı the fact of their existence to-day as a nation. Will they blindly follow him, even to the extent of dressing as a *glamour*? Will the women in the remote country districts unveil themselves? Will the peasants accept monogamy? Can these things be accomplished by a single man in a series of speeches?

There is an intellectual opposition who dare not speak, for it is more dangerous for a man to speak his thoughts in the Turkey of to-day than in the Russia of yesterday. Terror reigns, and the Tribunal of Independence is as arbitrary as the *Cheka*. The opposition remains, therefore, silent and disdainful.

"Prove by your exteriors," said the Ghazı, "that you are a civilised people"

But the Ghazı himself has just committed a most uncivilised act. He has divorced his wife! Divorce may be a form of modernism that has long existed in Turkey, divorce is the prerogative of the civilised, but not the Turkish method of divorce. By repeating the word "*Bachadime*" ("I repudiate you") three times before three witnesses Mustapha

Kemal Pasha made himself a free man Latifé Hanum, his wife, ranked among one of the few women of character and Occidental culture and education in Turkey. Nor had he anything with which to reproach her, except that she hampered his orgies of drunkenness

“Prove yourselves as civilised as your brothers of other nations,” said the Ghazı—and the sign is to be a hat upon the head!

To anyone who has visited the Black Sea coast and that very Inéboli where the Ghazı made his speech, and has seen the recent profanations of Christian shrines, the Ghazı's words have a mocking irony. Within the last three months an Englishman has had to be buried at sea because the Christian cemetery had been ploughed up, and there was not a square yard of ground in Inéboli that could (according to the admission of the *vali* of the town) harbour a dead *giaour*.

“O valiant patriots!” said the Ghazı to the people of Inéboli, “let us proclaim to the world that our great and heroic nation, having accomplished the greatest revolution, is already warming itself in the sun of civilisation. . . . Oh, great people! Turkey wishes to take an honourable place among the civilised nations . . . The Turkish



nation, which is the founder of the Turkish Republic, is a civilised nation, civilised historically as in reality. But it is necessary, when the people of the Turkish Republic appear before their companions and their brothers of the civilised world, that they should give proofs of their civilised ideas and conceptions. When the people of the Turkish Republic say they are civilised they must prove it by their family life and by their way of living. The people of the Turkish Republic who not only pretend to be but are civilised, must display it by a perfect exterior.”<sup>1</sup>

*(“ Il faut que le peuple de la République Turque, qui prétend être civilisé, et qui l’est en effet, soit composé d’hommes parfaits par leur extérieurs ”)*

“ I am obliged to insist upon my words, in order that the nation and the world should understand their meaning. I will give you explanations and ask you questions at the same time. I ask you, therefore, do we present a national appearance ? ”  
*(“ Notre tenue à vous est-elle nationale ? ”)* “ Do we appear civilised and international ? ” (Cries of “ No ! No ! ”) “ I am of your opinion, our clothes are neither national nor international. Can

<sup>1</sup> I am translating literally the Ghazi's words as reported in the French edition of the Government newspaper *Djumhouriet* of August 29th, 1925

one conceive, my friends, of a nation devoid of appearances? Do you consent to be ranked as an ill-apparellled nation?" (Cries of "No! No!") "Should one present to the world a precious thing disguised in mud, and be obliged to say. 'There is something valuable hidden beneath that mud, although you cannot see it!'

"A civilised and international appearance (*tenuë*) alone is suitable for our valiant nation.

"We shall adopt it we shall wear shoes, or boots, trousers, waistcoat, shirt, collar and tie, a jacket, and, to complete all, a brimmed head-dress. I shall insist upon calling things by their real names, and the head-dress I refer to is called a HAT.

"To those people who hesitate upon this question I say that they are filled with error and ignorance. If it is proper to wear a fez, which is of Greck origin, why should it not be proper to wear a HAT?

"Gentlemen, I wish to explain myself upon the subject of women as clearly as I have upon men. During my last journey I noticed, not only in the villages and in the country, but in the towns, that women were carefully covered with very thick veils. I suppose that during the great heats they suffer terribly. Perhaps they maintain this custom from modesty; but, my dear friends, our women

companions are also intelligent and thoughtful beings like ourselves. In making them understand the present necessity, in making them absorb the national *morale*, in illuminating their brains and educating them, we shall not be guilty of a selfish act. Why shouldn't they also show their face to the world; why shouldn't they see the world with their eyes? There is nothing to fear. I tell you frankly, my friends, fear nothing. This step is necessary. This necessity will lead us to beautiful results. I will even tell you that in order to arrive at such brilliant results we will, if necessary, sacrifice human lives. There is no inconvenience in this." (*"Si vous le voulez, je vous apprendrai que pour arriver à des résultats aussi brillants nous ferons, s'il le faut, des sacrifices de vies humaines. Il n'y a en cela aucun inconvénient"*) "I warn you, therefore, most insistently, that if we wish to maintain ourselves firmly in this (civilised?) situation, we must all be ready to offer ourselves in holocaust. It is vain to wish to resist the imperious current of civilisation. For civilisation is pitiless towards those who will not submit to its requirements. Those people who lumber themselves with rudimentary ideas, whose mentality is of the middle ages, and who try to oppose civilisation—those people are doomed to

slavery and failure But the people of the Turkish Republic have broken the chains of their captivity with a heroism that is unprecedented in history, and they are determined to live the life of a civilised nation ! " (Prolonged cheers.)

No one is able to explain the Ghazi's meaning about the necessity of sacrificing human lives in order to establish the unveiling of women, or the custom of wearing hats, and no one seems to have dared to ask him for an explanation ; but, as the words were said, they seem to be worthy to be quoted

This speech fills the papers on the very eve of my departure from Turkey, explaining my many perplexities. Turkish civilisation, which, according to the Ghazi, is, and is not, which pretends to be, which must be, and surely is, etc, lacks only the outward and visible proof of the inward and spiritual fact, and the proof is a HAT What sort of a hat ? I find myself laughing in that foolish, feeble way in which people laugh sometimes—and cannot stop laughing. . . .

I see a vision of Turks in hats, all kinds of Turks—all kinds of hats ! They form a sort of kaleidoscopic procession triumphantly representing

modern Turkish civilisation. They are all there, all the Turks of various types and occupations that I have seen since I came to Turkey. Even the coal-miner (for Zongouldak is next door to Inéboli, and so the Ghazi's words cannot fail to have re-echoed) must lay aside his turban of rags—reluctantly, of course, for the turban was an excellent substitute for a pillow when he laid himself down to sleep on that hard bare board in lieu of a bed—but he can have the satisfaction, even if he has not a bed or a pillow, of feeling that he is civilised, with his hat beside him.

The drivers of the creaking wheeled chariots drawn by bison, they, too, can abandon fez, *kalpak*, and turban, and their chariots will seem to be suddenly transformed into a transport of most modern pattern.

Those unknown and unseen who with hammer and chisel obliterated the eleventh-century frescoes in Trébizond, and those who still continue to drive their carts of offal up the hill at Samsoun, to deposit their load into the sacred precincts of the Catholic cemetery, can do so now under protection of a hat, and claim the brotherhood of civilisation.

The runner who carries the mail alongside the unused railroad track from Erzerum can bless

civilisation for the shadow of his new brimmed hat

The *hamal*—that bent and overloaded human beast of burden, who chooses to do the work for which civilisation generally employs the ass—he, too, can be relegated spiritually to a higher level if he consent to go about his business in a hat !

The half-starved workers who try to strike for better wages and are militarily suppressed, although they cannot claim the organisation and the protection that is the modern privilege of their Western brother-worker, can at least “give proofs of their civilised ideas and conceptions” by wearing hats !

But the believer who in the hour of prayer finds himself in the side-street and wishes to throw himself upon his face in the direction of Mecca, he must be perplexed. Should he throw off this new symbol of civilisation and pray bare-headed—or bend the brim ?

The men and officers of the national services who have had to adopt the new regulation hats with viziers have already solved the prayer problem. I watched a Colonel in full uniform fling off his boots outside the mosque door, and proceed into

the body of the mosque with his hat turned back to front.

But how about my elegant friends who even in midsummer go to their offices in Péra crowned in astrakhan? Will they adopt the less becoming emblem of civilisation, or prefer to be ranked as less civilised?

One cannot fail to appreciate the great tribute that the Ghazı has inadvertently paid to British civilisation, for, dislike the British as they may, there is not a gentleman abroad who does not admit that the most superior hats are "English made."

Doubtless it is in imitation English hats that their delegates have confronted the English at the Mosul conference. It was thus that they so successfully confronted Western statesmen at Lausanne.

Who need care, then, about such things as roads and railways, harbours, quays, machinery, organisation, schools, hospitals, hygiene, etc.? These require time and money. In Turkey there is no money to spend, nor is there time to lose, for "civilisation is pitiless towards those who will not submit to its requirements."

The leader of the Turkish Republic, that

beacon-light of the new Oriental Renaissance, has said so, and he knows what those requirements are. He has crystallised them into a single word. That, thus proving that civilisation can be acquired overnight. Will anyone resist ?